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APRIL 11, 1969

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TIME LISTINGS

TELEVISION

Wednesday, April 9

THE SECOND BILL COSBY SHOW (NBC, 9-10 p.m.).^{*} Wearing a long white beard, Cosby becomes Noah—ark-building problems and all; beardless, he's back in his boyhood Philadelphia with friend, "old weird Harold," and Brother Russell.

Thursday, April 10

CBS NEWS SPECIAL (CBS, 7:30-8 p.m.). "Volcano: Birth of an Island" presents stunning scenes of lava erupting from beneath the sea to form the island Surtsey, off the coast of Iceland. Preview of a new series under the general title "Challenge."

NET PLAYHOUSE (NET, 8-9:30 p.m.). A man's obsessive dream and how it ultimately destroys him is the subject of Playwright Robert (A Man for All Seasons) Bolt's *Flowering Cherry*.

Friday, April 11

EXPERIMENT IN TELEVISION (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). A subway passing ancient Roman ruins, a hippie wedding on an abandoned movie set, sinister characters at the Colosseum at night seem standard elements for a Federico Fellini movie. This time, though, it's "Fellini: A Director's Notebook," the maestro's first attempt at TV. Fellini not only directs but is the subject, aided by his actress-wife Giulietta Masina and Marcello Mastroianni.

Saturday, April 12

MAJOR LEAGUE BASEBALL (NBC, 3 p.m. to conclusion). The season's network telecasts start out with the San Francisco Giants v. the new San Diego Padres at San Diego.

WIDE WORLD OF SPORTS (ABC, 5-6:30 p.m.). The Atlanta 500 stock-car race from Atlanta International Raceway; World Surfing Championships from Rincón, Puerto Rico.

MASTERS GOLF TOURNAMENT (CBS, 5-6 p.m.). Third round of the classic competition at the Augusta (Ga.) National Golf Club. Final round Sunday (4-5:30 p.m.).

Sunday, April 13

NATIONAL HOCKEY LEAGUE (CBS, 1-4 p.m.). Stanley Cup playoff.

MAN AND HIS UNIVERSE (ABC, 4-5 p.m.). "The Scientist" focuses on Nobel Prize-winner James D. Watson and associates as they examine the repressor molecule that controls hereditary characteristics. Repeat.

EXPERIMENT IN TELEVISION (NBC, 4:30-5:30 p.m.). Contemporary Madame Butterfly is the theme for "Bye Bye Butterfly," a Japanese film followed through production stages with a special eye for changing (and contrasting) American and Japanese attitudes. Film: Maker Pierre Gaisseau put it together in Tokyo.

DICK VAN DYKE AND THE OTHER WOMAN (CBS, 8-9 p.m.). TV Husband and Wife Dick Van Dyke and Mary Tyler Moore get together again—after three years' separation—to sing, dance and reminisce.

LIKE HEPI (NBC, 9-10 p.m.). Dinah Shore is back for a variety special with Guests Lucille Ball, Rowan and Martin, and Diana Ross without the Supremes.

* All times E.S.T.

Monday, April 14

33 1/3 REVOLUTIONS PER MONKEE (NBC, 8-9 p.m.). The Monkees host a salute to the evolution of music from a beginning in African rhythms to today's psychedelic musical freestyle. Julie Driscoll and Brian Auger and the Trinity are joined by Golden Oldies Jerry Lee Lewis, Fats Domino and Little Richard among others.

NET JOURNAL (NET, 9-10 p.m.). "If I Don't Agree, Must I Go Away?" tells of a young Catholic woman's testing the "new morality," as she lives with a film maker in New York's East Village.

CAROL CHANNING PRESENTS THE SEVEN DEADLY SINS (ABC, 9-10 p.m.). Pastimes like sloth, avarice and lust provide Carol Channing, Carol Burnett and Danny Thomas with material for songs and humor.

41ST ANNUAL AWARDS OF THE ACADEMY OF MOTION PICTURE ARTS AND SCIENCES (ABC, 10 p.m. to conclusion). Frank Sinatra, Burt Lancaster, Ingrid Bergman, Walter Matthau and Warren Beatty will be on hand when the Oscars are given out at the Los Angeles Music Center.

Tuesday, April 15

NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC SOCIETY SPECIAL (CBS, 7:30-8:30 p.m.). A family of five from New Jersey spends a year living on Tahiti, Bora-Bora, Raiatea and Tahaa islands in "Polynesian Adventure."

NET FESTIVAL (NET, 9-10:30 p.m.). The Boston Symphony Orchestra performs "Bartok at Tanglewood: Concerto for Orchestra."

THEATER

On Broadway

1776. There is a degradation of intellect, taste and dignity in this musical, which presents history as if painted by a sidewalk sketch artist; it relies on calcified profiles of the principal signers of the Declaration of Independence rather than on searching character penetration. The score might have led Van Gogh to dispose of his remaining ear, and a brigade of crippled penguins could perform better dance numbers.

HAMLET. The question has often been asked: "What is *Hamlet* without the Prince of Denmark?" One answer is given in Ellis Rabb's APA revival. Rabb is the definitive zombie Hamlet, a puppet rather than a mettlesome prince. The production, like the star, is passionless and bloodless.

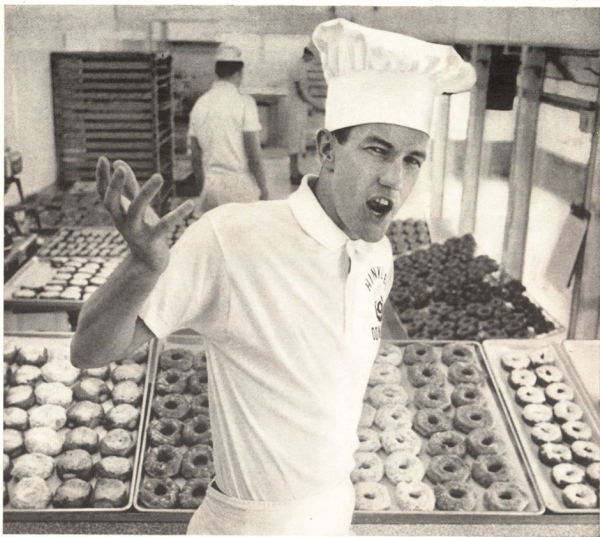
IN THE MATTER OF J. ROBERT OPPENHEIMER is a dramatization of the 1954 Atomic Energy Commission hearings on the security clearance of the renowned physicist. The testimony unfolds like an interminable dream; the play, rather than tingling with the anguish of a man torn between his country and his conscience, is merely misted over with sadness.

CELEBRATION is a beguiling musical fairy tale by Tom Jones and Harvey Schmidt, co-creators of *The Fantasticks*.

PLAY IT AGAIN, SAM. Woody Allen is the hero of his own play about a neurotic young man, rejected by girls even in his dreams, who is finally coached into bed with his best friend's wife by his fantasy hero, Humphrey Bogart.

FORTY CARATS is precisely the sort of show that people say helps them forget the trials and tribulations of the day. The story of Julie Harris as a middle-aged lady wooed and won by a lad just

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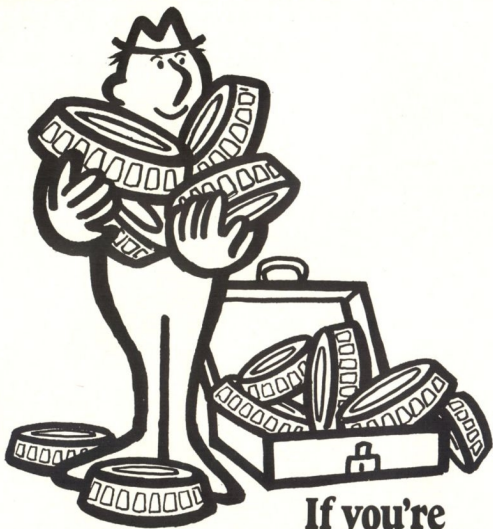
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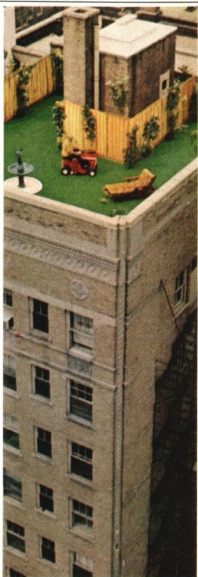
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about half her age is never less than civilized fun.

HADRIAN VII. Alec McCowen gives an elegant performance as Frederick William Rolfe, the English eccentric who imagined himself named Pope.

Off Broadway

INVITATION TO A BEHEADING, as adapted by Russell McGrath from the Vladimir Nabokov novel, is not much of a play—the characters are unreal, the tension is non-existent, and the humor is heavy. However, Joseph Papp's Public Theater production is an elegant example of inventive staging, costuming and ensemble playing that all but makes up for the script.

STOP, YOU'RE KILLING ME is an apt title for a slightly bloodstained package of three one-act plays by James Leo Herlihy. The title's aptness lies not only in its suggestion of homicide but in its humor as well—each of the three is laughing on the outside while dying on the inside. And the Theater Company of Boston seems to know exactly what the dark and savage satirist is laughing about.

SPITTING IMAGE. Sam Waterston and Walter McGinn play a homosexual couple who, to the dismay of the Establishment, have a baby. Though the play is basically a one-joke affair and has the somewhat inflated air of a short story masquerading as a novel, it is often amusing.

DAMES AT SEA, with a thoroughly engaging cast and some of the most ingenious staging currently on or off Broadway, is a delightful spoof of the movie musicals of the '30s.

ADAPTATION—NEXT. Elaine May directs both her own play, *Adaptation*, and Terrence McNally's *Next* in an evening of perceptive and richly comic one-acters.

TO BE YOUNG, GIFTED AND BLACK is a loving tribute to Negro Playwright Lorraine Hansberry performed by an interracial cast in which whites as well as blacks speak for her.

CINEMA

STOLEN KISSES. François Truffaut continues his cinematic autobiography in this lyrical souvenir of adolescence about a young man (Jean-Pierre L  aud) journeying—sometimes reluctantly—into manhood.

THE NIGHT OF THE FOLLOWING DAY. The subject of this chilling film is kidnapping, but Director Hubert Cornfield uses it as an excuse for conducting a surreal seminar in the poetics of violence. The uniformly excellent cast is headed by Marlon Brando, who steals the show with his best acting since *One-Eyed Jacks*.

I AM CURIOUS (YELLOW) is the movie everyone has heard about but few will be able to sit through. Its widely and cleverly publicized sex scenes are secondary to a seemingly interminable journalistic narrative about youth (mainly Lena Nyman and Borje Ahlstedt) and politics in Sweden.

3 IN THE ATTIC has echoes of both *Alfie* and *The Graduate*, but viewers may find themselves being won over by its own sleazy charm as it spins the unlikely tale of a campus Lothario (Chris Jones) whose best girl (Yvette Mimieux) develops a novel and strenuous plan to punish him for his infidelities.

THE STALKING MOON. A bloodthirsty and ingenious Indian wants to take revenge on Gregory Peck. Such presumption can lead to only one conclusion, but there are thrills along the way.

SWEET CHARITY. A lot of energy obviously went into this project. Most of it, including Shirley MacLaine's performance as a dancehall hostess, goes to waste.

RED BEARD. Japan's Akira Kurosawa, who is counted as one of the world's greatest moviemakers, takes a simple story of the spiritual growth of a young doctor and transforms it into an epic morality play.

THE SHAME. Ingmar Bergman ponders once again the problems of an artist's moral responsibility. This is his 29th film and one of his best, with resonant performances by Liv Ullmann, Max von Sydow and Gunnar Bj  rnstrand.

THE NIGHT THEY RAIDED MINSKY'S. Some talented players (Jason Robards, Joseph Wiseman, Harry Andrews, Norman Wisdom) have the time of their lives in this affectionate tribute to oldtime burlesque.

BOOKS

Best Reading

EDWARD LEAR, THE LIFE OF A WANDERER, by Vivien Noakes. In this excellent biography, the Victorian painter, poet, fantasist, and author of *A Book of Nonsense* is seen as a kindly, gifted man who courageously tried to stay cheerful despite an astonishing array of diseases and afflictions.

THE SECRET WAR FOR EUROPE, by Louis Hagen. As he explores the development of espionage agencies and replays many a



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cold war spy case, the author presents a detailed view of politics and espionage in Germany since 1945.

REFLECTIONS UPON A SINKING SHIP, by Gore Vidal. A collection of perceptively sardonic essays about the Kennedys, Tarran, Susan Sontag, pornography, the 29th Republican Convention, and other aspects of what Vidal sees as the declining West.

THE MILITARY PHILOSOPHERS, by Anthony Powell. The ninth volume in his serial novel, *A Dance to the Music of Time*, expertly conveys Powell's innumerable characters through the intrigue, futility, boredom and courage of World War II.

THE MARX BROTHERS AT THE MOVIES, by Paul D. Zimmerman and Burt Goldblatt. Next to a reel of their films, this excellent book offers the best possible way to meet (or revisit) the Marx Brothers in the happy time when they had all their energy and all their laughs.

THE QUICK AND THE DEAD, by Thomas Wiseman. Wiseman's novel about the friendship between a half-Jew and a Nazi, before and during World War II in Vienna, is a brilliant psychological study of how two very different men can become so fatally entwined that each determines the course of the other's life.

GRANT TAKES COMMAND, by Bruce Catton. Completing the trilogy begun by the late historian Lloyd Lewis, Catton employs lucidity and laconic humor as he follows the taciturn general to his final victory at Appomattox.

THE GODFATHER, by Mario Puzo. For the Mafia, as for other upwardly mobile Americans, the name of the game is respectability and status—after the money and power have been secured. An excellent novel.

TORREGRECA, by Ann Cornelisen. Full of an orphan's love for her adopted town, the author has turned a documentary of human adversity in southern Italy into the unflinching autobiography of a divided heart.

PORTNOY'S COMPLAINT, by Philip Roth. This frenzied monologue by a sex-obsessed Jewish bachelor on a psychiatrist's couch becomes a comic novel about the absurdly painful wounds created by guilt and puritanism.

Best Sellers

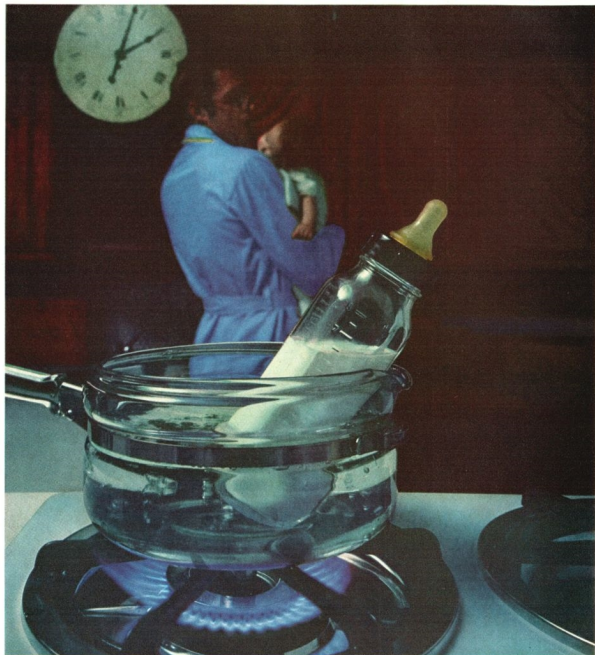
FICTION

1. Portnoy's Complaint, Roth (1 last week)
2. The Salzburg Connection, MacInnes (2)
3. The Godfather, Puzo (4)
4. A Small Town in Germany, le Carré (3)
5. Airport, Hailey (6)
6. Sunday the Rabbi Stayed Home, Kemelman (5)
7. Force 10 from Navarone, MacLean (7)
8. A World of Profit, Auchincloss
9. Preserve and Protect, Drury (8)
10. The Vines of Yarrabee, Eden

NONFICTION

1. The 900 Days, Salisbury (1)
2. Miss Craig's 21-Day Shape-Up Program for Men and Women, Craige (7)
3. The Arms of Krupp, Manchester (2)
4. The Tragedy of Lyndon Johnson, Goldman (6)
5. The Money Game, 'Adam Smith' (3)
6. Jennie, Martin (8)
7. The Volochi Papers, Maas
8. The Trouble with Lawyers, Bloom (5)
9. Instant Replay, Kramer
10. The Joys of Yiddish, Rosten (4)

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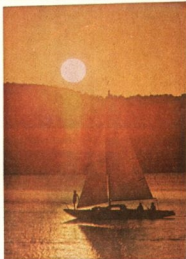
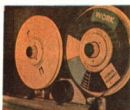
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A letter from the PUBLISHER

James R. Shepley

THE journalistic domain of the critic is usually thought to be sharply defined. Its boundaries enclose columns of distinctly personal journalism—a book reviewer's appraisal of a new novel or a theater critic's assessment of a new play. But as journalism becomes more and more a craft of analysis and judgment, the distinction between critic and general writer or reporter fades. In this connection, we like to recall a dictum by TIME's Cinema Critic Stefan Kanfer, who remarked somewhat sweepingly: "All our departments must be critical departments."

And so they are, to the extent that evaluation and judgment are among our most important functions. In that sense, many of our stories "review" the dramas the world presents and the performances of men in the news. This week's cover story attempts far more than a report on the capabilities and limitations of the U.S. military. It contains an analysis of public and political attitudes toward the armed forces, an assessment of military leadership and some suggestions for reform.

Many of the people involved in the writing and editing of the cover story brought a personal expertise to their critical evaluations. Washington Correspondent John Mulliken, who first suggested the story, traces his martial experience back to a tour of duty in Culver Military Academy, from which he graduated in 1940. He won a Silver Star as a platoon leader in The Netherlands during World War II. Since then, journalistic service has taken him to other wars: the Hungarian Revolution, the Congo uprising and Viet Nam. For the past six years, his Washington assignment has kept him close to the long, echoing corridors of the Pentagon. Laurence Barrett, who wrote the cover story, put in three years covering the Pentagon for the New York Herald Tribune. He claims no added skills from his Army career as a pri-

vate first class. Nor does Senior Editor Ronald Kriss, who served as a specialist three in Korea.

Other sections this week also offer their share of criticism. BEHAVIOR gives little more than a passing grade to a University of California professor's report on genetically determined differences in intelligence. TELEVISION questions the networks' handling of their lively new "magazine" shows. BUSINESS examines the reasons for black frustrations in Detroit auto plants and deplors the violent response of mindless black militants. WORLD discusses the Soviet Union's foreign-policy problems and finds that the Russians have very little room for maneuver. PRESS turns the writer-critic relationship completely around with a critical appraisal of Clive Barnes, dance and drama critic of the New York Times.

The Cover: Dimensional collage by Dennis Wheeler. A yeoman three in the Naval Reserve, Graphics Designer Wheeler chose ribbons* for his symbolic serviceman in khaki that range over four wars—World War I, World War II, Korea and Viet Nam. He is well aware that no one man could have won them all. "Grouped together," he says, "they stand for valor." Carefully examined, they also say something else. Since his cover figure represents a military Establishment under attack, Navy Man Wheeler decided to slip in a nautical signal for trouble. On shipboard, that would be the ensign flying upside down; on the cover, it is two ribbons turned over.

* From left: Top, Purple Heart; 1st row, WWI Victory, Asiatic-Pacific Campaign, Middle East Campaign; 2nd row, WWII Occupation, Korean Service, Armed Forces Expeditionary; 3rd row, Armed Forces Reserve, Air Reserve Forces, Meritorious Service, AF NCO Academy Graduate; 4th row, Philippines Liberation, United Nations, Presidential Unit Citation; 5th row, Navy Presidential Unit Citation, AF Outstanding Unit, Viet Nam Campaign.

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LETTERS

To What Purpose?

Sir: Two cheers for President Nixon for not being "active enough" and for not pretending to "define" a "purpose" (in the words of Schlesinger, the pseudo-authoritative seer) [March 28]. Why should he? It seems to me that we've all had a clear enough look at Nixon's charismatic or forceful predecessors whose administrations were full of purpose and the monumental boo-boos that resulted from their purposeful activities. Regarding the complex and high decisions now facing any President, perhaps it is time simply to do what seems best at the moment and in the given situation. No human being knows enough to do otherwise, if truth be known.

RALPH E. WEST JR.

Philadelphia

Sir: It appears that Nixon doesn't know which are the best roads to a peaceful solution of our problem. So he turns toward Europe, fritters away time making peace with Truman instead of our Asian "foes," and toys with the idea of what kind of an ABM system we should have.

During the two months that he has been President, nearly 2,400 Americans have been killed in Viet Nam and countless others maimed for life. Nearly 10,000 have been killed since peace talks began. Yet more concern is voiced over the oil company in Peru and the fishing boats off the coast. Our nation should decide which is more important—things or lives.

MARGARET SEEDBORG

Lakewood, Calif.

Sir: When John Kennedy took office as President in 1961, he inherited few critical problems. Within his three years of tenure we were to experience the Bay of Pigs, the Berlin Wall and the assignment of the first fighting troops and the first American deaths in Viet Nam. The reply his detractors receive is that three years was not time enough for him to have accomplished anything constructive.

After two months, Nixon is berated by the right, the left and the Democrats for not solving instantly the war, crime, poverty, inflation and all the rest of the mess his predecessors left unanswered after eight long years. Ridiculous!

H. L. GRACE

Arlington, Va.

Historical Extrapolation

Sir: The TIME Essay "The Danger of Playing at Revolution" [March 28] was thoughtful and incisive but irrelevant. It

is, of course, absurd to believe that the U.S. Government can be actively overthrown by any combination of New Leftists, Yippies or Black Panthers. But your Essay considers only the classical type of revolution of the French or Russian variety. Certainly other kinds are possible—not only possible but apparently inevitable.

Anyone with a little talent at historical extrapolation can see that the U.S. Government is on a collision course not only with the Third World but also with its own young, black and disenchanted. True, there appears to be at the moment no Lenin or Robespierre prepared to precipitate the revolution, but then there may be no need for one. U.S. society will simply begin to collapse under the weight of its own complexity (a foretaste of which we periodically see in New York City), and would-be revolutionaries will have only to step into a ready-made state of anarchy.

It seems that we are about to witness the first revolution in history caused not by deprivation but by excess.

DANIEL K. CONNER

Urbana, Ill.

Sir: You are so out of touch that you miss the point. With few exceptions, the blacks and the young are playing at revolt—noninstitutional methods of gaining reform—not revolution, the destruction of the entire system.

Revolt has a grand American heritage, including the violence of the trade-union movement and the mass demonstrations of the women's suffrage campaign. With this tradition of revolt, the young hardly find it shocking that the present movement demands receptive institutions that are willing to make relevant change rather than maintain the racism, militarism, and exploitation of the poor that have marked 20th century American life.

SUE SPOHN

Madison, Wis.

Colling All Cops

Sir: In your article "Britain's Bay of Piglets" [March 28] you conclude with the phrase, "It could also signal a new role for the British—as the world's Keystone cops." I think both the title and the remarks were rather invidious.

First, at least the invasion of Anguilla achieved its objectives—did the Bay of Pigs? Second, 300 troops to subdue a population of 6,000 with no bloodshed is not bad. In contrast, consider the riots of Washington and Chicago last year; and of course let us not forget Viet

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Nam: how many years, how many men, and how many millions? Did someone mention Keystone cops?

BRIAN W. BAILEY

Albany, N.Y.

Score One for Satan

Sir: How Satan must be chuckling at the one he put over on the "righteous" folk of Madison Heights, Mich.! It's quite a victory for him when both the police and the courts obey the letter of the law and not the spirit and ignore the users of obscenity to arrest a teacher who was only trying to show the children why not to use it [March 28]. How about arresting the guy who called Mrs. Nancy Timbrook a whore, for both public obscenity and libel? Are teachers and parents supposed to tell their children, "There are certain words I don't want you ever to use. But I won't tell you what they are, you'll have to find that out for yourselves?"

(Mrs.) HANSI MATERN

Valparaiso, Ind.

Passé Pioneers

Sir: It was with a sigh of relief that I read of the treatment Simon and Gagnon are giving to psychosexuality [March 28]. I have long dreaded taking upon myself the responsibility of debunking Freud, for despite—or perhaps because of—its scientific dubiety, Freudian theory is eagerly gobbled up by too many of my fellow psychology majors. It is not surprising that they are sociologists who are properly classifying Freud among his Victorian contemporaries—pioneers, albeit passé.

M. ELIZABETH CLIFFORD, '70

Brooklyn College
Brooklyn

Sir: Sociologists Simon and Gagnon have stretched behaviorism to its absurd limits with the assertion that sexuality in man is a learned behavior pattern. It is a sad comment on the limiting influences of specialization in any field when a sociologist tries to refute such a basic biological tenet as evolution and natural selection. For behavior patterns and their modification possibilities through learning are fixed in the genes of species, consequently modified but not eradicated in individual development. Just as ethologists are beginning to find that man has more instinct-caused behavior than we thought, Simon and Gagnon rush in the opposite direction with their absurd conclusions.

Man continues to evolve, but until some new species is formed, his behavior and physiology will remain basically the same as it was when the species emerged from its primordial ancestors. Man is more than a clever ape, but learning is not the only influence upon his way of behaving.

CHRISTOPHER OLANDER

Baltimore

Scaling the Heights

Sir: The toga into which you place Gore Vidal [March 28] is of, of course, that Gaius Petronius, the blasé arbiter of tastes under Nero who finally incurred the emperor's wrath and calmly severed his veins. The analogy could be extended: Petronius authored another "bad-tasting" book, the *Satyricon*, which, like *Myra Breckinridge*, is a dazzlingly unique contribution to the world's comic literature. Only those whose discrimination is flawless can achieve what Brigid Brophy calls "the dizzying, the ro-coco heights of true bad taste."

WILLIAM C. MACVICAR

Toronto

Give 'Em the Axe

Sir: It is slanderous to state that "because of federal limitations on logging operations and poor forest-management techniques, the Government's holdings yield only a quarter as much timber per acre as private timberland" [March 28]. The Forest Service has led the way in forest management. The national forests lend the only stability that exists in the timber industry, and on the poorest sites for timber production. The private timberlands, thanks to the generous land giveaways of the 1800s, are of deep, rich soils in the lowlands, while the national forests embrace the rugged mountain ranges that have thin delicate soils on jagged rocks and snowcapped peaks interspersed. The growing season is short and the winters harsh. How do you compare them?

In spite of the tremendously greater growing potential on private timberland, most have been freely exploited and are now damaged and underproductive. Doesn't it seem reasonable that there should be "federal limitations on logging operations" on national forests so that the forests can add stability and a sustained yield of water, wildlife, recreation and forage, as well as wood, for people now and in future generations?

Why not put the blame for high lumber and plywood prices where it belongs—on the market-managing lumber and plywood industries?

RAYMOND C. SCHAAF
Forester

Reedsport, Ore.

Laughing on the Outside

Sir: Re "Where Auto Defects Come From" [March 28]: And all this time we have been blaming poor old General Motors for the year-old junkheap parked in our drive. Blaming them for the stuck accelerator, which has given us such a hair-raising ride at least a dozen times (and which, of course, was "fixed" each time by their mechanic). Blaming them for the water that pours in each time it rains. (After the mechanic "fixed" the leak with at least a gallon of tar.) Even blaming them for the backfiring, running hot, the gear lever falling off, emergency brake handle working improperly, leaking oil, and I could go on and on. When all the time it was our own fault for "insisting on speed and styling at the lowest possible price."

We did have one laugh; after the accelerator was finally fixed, we received a letter telling us to take our auto in to have the accelerator checked.

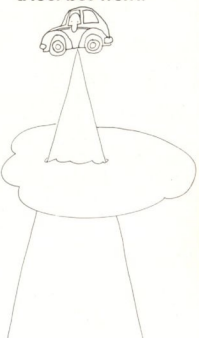
MRS. A. C. JALLEY

Ringgold, Ga.

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PEACE MARCHERS ON MANHATTAN'S AVENUE OF THE AMERICAS

OF WAR AND INFLATION

WAR and inflation, those classic corrosives of society, last week sorely agitated the nation. From New York to San Francisco, tens of thousands of demonstrators paraded to protest the Viet Nam conflict, which now ranks as the fourth costliest war in U.S. history in terms of lives. As of the week ending March 29, combat deaths totaled 33,641, surpassing the Korean War total by 12. Of these dead, 10,000 have fallen since the Paris peace talks began. These grim figures provided an added spur for the peace marchers. With banners demanding BRING THE TROOPS HOME and END THE WAR, they swept down broad avenues, through thick Easter crowds, in Chicago and Atlanta, Seattle and Los Angeles.

The war, with its politically damaging casualty lists and its endless thirst for dollars, was also agitating Richard Nixon. But his prime concern appeared to be inflation. With the Administration barely ten weeks old, throttling inflation has plainly emerged as the President's No. 1 priority, and the word has gone out from the White House that until the economy is cooled off every other problem, however pressing, must be subordinate to it. "It has to be dealt with," Urban Adviser Pat Moynihan said last week. "There is no liberal or conservative position on it. Only a damned fool would ignore the problem."

Far from ignoring it, the President last week confronted it directly with action on two fronts: 1) With his approval, the Federal Reserve Board moved to intensify the squeeze on cred-

it. 2) At a meeting with domestic policymakers at his Key Biscayne retreat, he reviewed efforts to trim the budget enough to produce a surplus of at least \$4 billion. Earlier, the Pentagon announced some cutbacks in Viet Nam spending that might be merely budgetary—but might also be a signal to Hanoi of de-escalation.

Out of Reach. Nixon's determination to do something about the overheated economy was prompted by a realization that an "inflationary psychology" is taking hold among Americans. The 10% tax surcharge enacted last June has not slowed spending. Prices continue to rise at the brisk pace since the Korean War. Corporations, borrowing to expand their capacity by 14% this year, are pricing money out of the reach of home buyers, small businesses, school districts and local governments.

Disturbed by the corporate borrowing, Federal Reserve Board Chairman William McChesney Martin Jr. warned that it was time to "pressure banks to ration credit." After the stock exchanges had closed for the three-day Easter weekend, the board moved on two fronts. First, it raised the discount rate (the interest that banks pay for the money they borrow) from 5½% to 6%. The increase, second in four months, brought the rate to its highest level since the 1929 crash. To make money more scarce as well as more costly, the board also increased the amount of cash that banks are required to keep in reserve. In effect, the board "froze" some \$650 million in lendable funds, which translates

into a withdrawal of more than \$2 billion in credit from the economy.

As a result, housing, which has only recovered from the 1966 squeeze, seems certain to suffer again (see BUSINESS). Car sales may also slow down. But no one seems very alarmed. "I don't see any drastic reaction," says Economist Beryl Sprinkel of Chicago's Harris Trust & Savings Bank. "It just seems to confirm the view that this time the policymakers really mean business."

Nixon does, certainly. When he took office, he inherited a \$195 billion budget with a projected surplus of \$3.4 billion. But in a matter of weeks, he realized that "uncontrollable" increases in debt interest and other costs would inflate the budget to \$197 billion and trim the surplus to a bare \$1.7 billion. Nor did Nixon's own department heads prove very sharp with their pencils. Their recommendations totaled \$1 billion more than the original Johnson budget.

Very Disappointing. In a sharply worded memo, Nixon termed the economizing effort "very disappointing" and ordered another try. A prime target, of course, is the Defense Department. Nixon wants Defense Secretary Melvin Laird to sweat \$2 billion out of the \$80 billion budget. In his first attempt, Laird managed to cut only \$550 million. Nixon told him to try again, and this time Laird brought the reductions up to \$1.1 billion, chiefly in "ground munitions," including the anti-ballistic missile (ABM) system, which will take a \$34 million cut.

Most startling, Laird proposed saving

ANXIOUS ANNIVERSARY

\$185 million a year by curtailing one of the more effective weapons that the U.S. has in Viet Nam: B-52 raids. Despite what he called a "strong recommendation" from General Creighton Abrams, the U.S. commander in Viet Nam, Laird suggested reducing B-52 sorties by more than 10%, from 1,800 to 1,600 per month. The savings would come chiefly in the planes' 30-ton bomb loads, which cost \$42,000. There would be little tactical impact; probably the same number of B-52 missions will be flown as before, but they may involve five planes rather than the standard six.

Both the White House and the Pentagon publicly insisted that the B-52 move was "strictly budgetary." But there was considerable speculation that the cutback, coming at a time when the Communists are pressing an offensive, was intended primarily as a political signal to Hanoi, indicating Washington's eagerness to end the war. Fueling such speculation was Laird's admission that "private"—i.e., secret—talks aimed at a settlement are under way in Paris. In addition, New York Times Columnist James Reston claimed that Nixon may go further, by withdrawing as many as 100,000 troops this year.

No Action. The Administration's emphasis on economy fairly guarantees that there will be no "Nixon domestic program" worthy of the name for the foreseeable future. Head Start, about which Nixon is enthusiastic, appears safe. The Job Corps is in disfavor, but will be retained, on a somewhat reduced scale until an alternative is worked out. Programs to subsidize hiring of hardcore unemployed will be expanded.

But Nixon has shelved plans for linking social security payments to cost-of-living increases, which would cost perhaps \$4 billion a year. He may settle for no more than a pilot program to start off his ghetto-industry tax-incentive scheme. Moynihan will get no action on his guaranteed annual income plan. George Romney, Secretary of Housing and Urban Development, will get more funds to work on the technology of low-cost housing, but less for the Model Cities program. Health programs will probably concentrate on existing services. Even in the Justice Department, where a new, high-priority anticrime program is being fashioned, an effort is being made to hold down costs.

Elbow Room. While the inflation fight is necessary, it will obviously aggravate impatience with delays in domestic programs and with the war. The Democrats are losing no time in warning that Nixon's anti-inflationary efforts could also cause a spurt in unemployment. But the extremely low rate of joblessness (currently 3.3%) should give the Administration a bit of elbow room to fight inflation. The consequences of dodging the fight have already been serious enough. After three years of steady inflation, a family that had an income of \$10,000 in 1965 would need \$11,330 today just to stay in place.

THE first anniversary of the death of Martin Luther King Jr. could have been a day of hope and affirmation. Instead, to millions of black and white Americans last week, it meant a renewal of anxiety. Little, after all, has been done since April 4, 1968, to extirpate racism or to clothe with reality King's dream of social justice. Even so, when brief flurries of violence roiled observances of King's death, they compared in no way to the hideous rioting that swept 168 U.S. communities last year.

Along Chicago's West Side, gangs of black teen-agers surged out of schoolyards on the anniversary eve to attack cars, loot stores and hurl bricks at policemen. It looked like the prelude to a repetition of last April's anarchy. But Mayor Richard Daley moved swiftly, and, at his behest, Governor Richard Ogilvie had 5,000 National Guardsmen in the Chicago area by midafternoon. By nightfall, as Jeeps loaded with armed guardsmen crisscrossed the West Side, the city resembled a ghost town. Altogether, 90 persons were hurt, most of them only slightly, and 249 arrested.

Panther Plot. Nor was New York City spared. Fire bombers damaged several suburban Negro churches. Earlier, New York police seized 16 Black Panther party members and sought five on indictments charging they plotted to plant explosives inside crowded department stores on Good Friday. One of the jailed Panthers was Robert S. Collier, who has already served 21 months in a federal prison for conspiring to blow up the Statue of Liberty in 1965.

At the site of King's murder, Memphis, flecks of violence ended with a 7 p.m.-to-5 a.m. curfew. Tear gas and smoke bombs thrown by young blacks almost panicked a crowd of about 3,000 waiting outside city hall. As a wind

whipped acrid gas through the ranks of demonstrators, youths began smashing store windows and looting. But there were cheers when Senator Edward Kennedy, making a surprise appearance at the rally, eulogized King and his own two murdered brothers, dedicating his public life to the principle "that we should not hate but love one another."

At Nashville, 300 militant mourners marched up to the walls of Tennessee's state penitentiary to chant *We Shall Overcome* just out of earshot of King's assassin, James Earl Ray, who is in solitary confinement inside a maximum-security cellblock.*

Little Comfort. Mrs. Coretta King, the widow of Ray's victim, shunned public ceremonies after placing a cross of red and white flowers on her husband's crypt in Atlanta. A personal note of sympathy from President Nixon was delivered by Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare Robert Finch, who stopped off in Atlanta for nearly an hour en route to Key Biscayne for a conference on domestic ills with the President. But little comfort for King's followers emerged from the meeting. With inflation and the need to slash government spending overshadowing other problems in Nixon's mind, the prospect of any marked advances in the fight against poverty by the second anniversary of King's death is bitterly remote.

* Ray has hired Memphis Attorney Richard J. Ryan to seek to overturn the 99-year sentence Ray accepted last month in return for a guilty plea. Judge W. Preston Battle, 60, the tough jurist who sentenced Ray, was found dead of a heart attack last week. Judge Arthur Faquin, appointed to take charge of Ray's case, must now rule whether a letter found among Battle's files constitutes a valid petition by Ray for a new trial.



MRS. KING AT HUSBAND'S GRAVE
The dream remained unrealized.

THE MILITARY: SERVANT OR MASTER OF POLICY?

ONLY a year ago, Wisconsin's Senator Gaylord Nelson said in a moment of frustration: "We all know that the two biggest words in the English language are 'national defense.' If you just shout them loud enough, you are in the clear. It is just plain unpatriotic to question any appropriation for national defense. Defense against what? It does not matter. Just utter the magic words." Nelson's complaint was not considered much of an exaggeration—only a year ago. Now, suddenly, the words seem to have lost their magic. Now another Senator notes that wherever he goes, "one sure ap-

mittee is scrutinizing overseas military deployment and commitments. Once friendly Senators, such as Democrats Stuart Symington of Missouri and Allen Ellender of Louisiana, have emerged as critics. "Some of us in Congress," Ellender said last week, "have become captives of the military."

No less an authority than General David Shoup, retired Marine Corps Commandant and Medal of Honor winner, accuses the armed services of relishing war for the sake of self-aggrandizement, of making the U.S. "a militaristic and aggressive nation." Physicist Herbert York, former Pentagon chief of research, de-

be placed, it is argued, civilian policymakers deserve a goodly portion. Senator Henry Jackson of Washington bemoans the fact that the military has become the protagonist in the "latest version of the devil theory of history."

As the U.S. confronts specific decisions on new weapons, on foreign commitments, on the general shape and size of the defense structure after Viet Nam, the debate promises to become one of the most significant of the generation. It could also become one of the most useful, particularly if it brings about more thorough, dispassionate and knowledgeable reviews of defense programs by Congress and the executive. A clear-eyed reappraisal of military deployment in relation to foreign policy is long overdue. Yet should the debate result in a polarization of the nation into military and antimilitary factions, the consequences could be grave. Blind antimilitarism could reduce the armed services to impotence. Or, isolated in society, the fighting forces could develop a sort of "everybody-hates-us" psychosis and see themselves as the sole guardians of national virtue; this, in turn, could make them a potentially troublesome political force, something that has never happened in the U.S. but is certainly not uncommon elsewhere.

Devil Theory 7

American soldiers do not suffer from *coup d'état* fever or a Versailles complex. TIME correspondents, interviewing scores of military men at home and overseas, report that men in uniform are almost as diverse in outlook toward the controversy as civilians. Some are indifferent, some philosophical, some resentful. Says Major General Melvin Zais, commander of the 101st Airborne in Viet Nam: "The country is looking for a scapegoat. First it was the draft, then recruiters, then Dow Chemical, and now it's the bloody generals."

Lieut. Colonel Wallen Summers, a West Pointer now advising a Vietnamese Ranger group, views the professional as a "chivalrous romantic" who is caught in a crossfire between the "calculated materialism" of many Americans and the "hedonistic romanticism" of much of today's protest movement. Colonel George S. Patton III, a tank commander in Viet Nam, says his men are "too busy killing Charlie and staying alive" to worry about academic disputes. But Patton, who succeeds in sounding like his famous father (the son's motto in Viet Nam: "Find the bastards—then pile on"), has a thought of his own: The public is "too interested in the pursuit of the buck, not in the future of the country." Many career men think of themselves as dedicated public servants who put their lives in forfeit for the country's sake and are no less idealistic than the most zealous pacifist—in fact, far more so. Few are elitists; they honor the nation's tradition of the



LOOKING ACROSS DMZ TO NORTH KOREA

Not only are the motives in question, but the competence as well.

plause line is a condemnation of the growing influence of the military."

At no time since pre-Pearl Harbor days has the vast organism created to protect the nation against foreign enemies been under such furious home-front attack. No segment is immune: the uniformed professionals, their civilian colleagues and superiors at the Pentagon, their supporters in Congress, their suppliers among big business and big labor—all feel the criticism and distrust from several directions at once. Students, intellectuals, pacifists and the New Left have long been opponents. Now they are being joined by more influential voices from the center and even the right. Congress, until recently amenable to almost any proposal from the military, suddenly bristles with skepticism. The Senate may not approve the anti-ballistic missile program. Unfriendly investigations have been pointing out flaws in the ABM and other weapons programs. Still another com-

velopment and engineering, warns that Americans will face a "Frankenstein monster that could destroy us." Not only are military motives questioned, but military competence as well. The defense complex is indicted for being unable to develop weapons that work well enough, wasting money needed for civilian purposes, giving bad and dangerous advice to the Commander in Chief, poor planning and worse execution in Viet Nam. Does the military, many people wonder, exaggerate the threats to U.S. security and grossly overestimate its own needs to retain—or even enhance—its own power?

The accused are not without counsel. Many Congressmen, academics and ordinary citizens retain confidence in the nation's military leadership. Some, like Political Science Professor Morton Kaplan of the University of Chicago and Politics Professor John Roche of Brandeis, depict the military as scapegoats for a frustrated, roiled nation. If blame must

citizen-soldier. The Army men in particular oppose, with a surprising degree of near-unanimity, Richard Nixon's proposed all-volunteer force. Many career soldiers argue that this would cut the military off from civilian society.

Men in the field, even senior officers, feel the criticism perhaps less keenly than their comrades in Washington. From the Pentagon, TIME Correspondent John Mulliken reports the mood among officers: "With quivering confidence they wonder what they are supposed to do, and what is expected of them. They certainly are bewildered and, if they had been trained to admit it, just a bit frightened."

Who Is the Enemy?

The bewilderment is understandable. When it was possible to distinguish between war and peace, it was possible for professional soldiers to discern their role and function with some degree of comfort. For most of the years since World War II, the U.S. and its fighting men have been suspended in a murky, twilight world, where neither war nor peace prevails. World War I, World War II and even Korea were what Colonel Samuel Hayes, head of West Point's Psychology and Leadership Department, calls "Manichaeism" conflicts, ringing clashes between good and evil, with no doubt about the identity or nature of the aggressors.

Even until 1965, the military received relatively clear missions and the means to accomplish them. It also enjoyed more public respect and fatter appropriations than in any previous generation. It had defeated Germany and Japan, saved West Berlin, held South Korea, helped contain the Russians at the Iron Curtain, constructed an awesome nuclear arsenal, and performed numerous lesser chores successfully.

Viet Nam was different. The war of misty beginnings seems to lack an end. Meanwhile, the East-West confrontation is losing its sharpest edges. Who is the enemy, anyway? The Russians, with whom Washington has been signing treaties and exchanging musicians? The Chinese, who have been shooting Russians lately? Those scrawny North Vietnamese, visited often by American journalists? Assorted revolutionaries in distant and backward countries, who might be influenced by Communists? At home, social needs became more pressing than ever. Did the nation really need all those billions for defense?

Between Passivity and Pugnacity

To some extent, the military is also a victim of the general concern over powerlessness in the face of huge, impersonal, Kafkaesque institutions. At a time when more and more citizens are questioning the degree to which they control their own destinies, the military, with its rigid hierarchy, its demand for total obedience, and above all, its tropic reaching-out for ever more armaments, is an obvious—and perhaps valid—target. An increasing number of

officers, to be sure, are getting broad educations and display considerable political and social sensitivity. Still, the military as a whole, with its tendency toward stiffness and even narrowness, rarely copes well with the challenge of dissent. Thus, a military court meted out what seemed unconscionably harsh treatment to the "mutineers" at the Presidio in San Francisco, one of whom was sentenced to 15 years at hard labor for refusing to stop singing (the Army judge advocate in Washington later reduced the term to two years). Equally revealing of the military mentality was an episode that occurred recently at the naval base in Long Beach, Calif. Fed up with the hippies, peace-niks and other irritating agents, base officials barred any cars bearing the stylized love daisy, the ensign popular with anti-warriors, from the installation. One

Poised as it must be in today's world between passivity and pugnacity, the military is confused. It is condemned for wanting to win in Viet Nam in the traditional sense and criticized for not being able to win in any sense. Commander Lloyd Bucher gives up the ship without a fight, and the U.S. lets North Korea get away with it. Is Bucher a hero or a failure? The public leans toward the hero label; the Navy, which had put *Pueblo* in a scandalously vulnerable position, seems undecided. What is the lesson for the Annapolis class of 1969?

Pueblo was a relatively isolated incident, the kind of blunder endemic in large organizations. Far more serious from the military's viewpoint—and the country's—are the broader controversies now in progress. The most profound is the central accusation lodged by General Shoup. In an *Atlantic* article, Shoup

THE BETTMANN ARCHIVE



REVOLUTIONARY WAR MINUTEMEN

The point is always how much is enough.

day an officer who was driving a daisy-ferested car was detained at the gate for 15 minutes. He turned out to be the new base commander, en route to his own welcome-onboard ceremonies in his son's auto. Daisies have since become legal again.

All too often, the military seems to be its own worst enemy. Inter-service rivalry may be acceptable on football fields, but when the Army and Marines squabble in Viet Nam, they are hardly serving the public interests. The release of the *Pueblo* crew loosed the full story of incompetence in the command structure that had led to the unprotected ship's capture. The strange case of Lieut. Commander Marcus Aurelius Arnette, accused of waging his own private skirmishes in Viet Nam, also attracted scorn. The shifting justifications offered for the proposed ABM project, and its questionable efficacy, persuaded many Americans that the Defense Department was misleading the public.

insists that the profession of arms, to which he devoted his career, has achieved an unduly large measure of control over American society, including U.S. foreign policy. He charges that the officer corps' view of war as "an exciting adventure, a competitive game, and an escape from the dull routines of peacetime," together with the economic and political power wielded by the larger defense community, has led to foreign involvements, including Viet Nam. Harvard's George Wald, a Nobel prizewinning biologist, contends that the very existence of a large military establishment has distorted society, and makes future conflict almost inevitable, even "if the Viet Nam war were stopped tomorrow."

The first question posed by these attacks is whether a large military structure is still necessary. Wald, taking a giant step beyond Shoup, says that "the thought that we are in competition with Russians or with Chinese is all a mistake,

and trivial." Thus nuclear weapons, for instance, can be dispensed with. Marcus Raskin, a former White House aide now prominent in the anti-Viet Nam movement, goes even further. He suggests dismantling the Defense Department, the Central Intelligence Agency and the National Security Agency over the next decade. It is obvious that neither the nation as a whole nor any particular U.S. Administration in the foreseeable future could—or should—subscribe to such ideas. The realities of power in the nuclear age may be ugly and dangerous, but they remain realities.

Quite apart from the smaller nations that depend on American protection, it is in the U.S. interest to help maintain some degree of balance and stability in the world. That is a goal quite different from acting as "the policeman of the world," as the current cliché has it. Neither the Soviets nor the Chinese have displayed so much altruism that their good behavior could be relied on in the absence of U.S. power; Moscow's behavior in Czechoslovakia and Peking's border skirmishes with both the Russians and the Indians are ample proof of that. Moreover, many less powerful nations—often sentimentalized as truly "peace-loving" in contrast to the superpowers—have acted with complete lack of responsibility, being constantly at each other's throats in various nationalistic, tribal or racial quarrels.

Nonetheless, it is becoming increasingly clear that U.S. power has distinct limits, which must be better recognized than in the past. That power, often with absurd reliance on technology, is badly suited to guerrilla warfare, as in Viet Nam. It cannot be used to keep balky allies in line, as Russia did in Hungary and Czechoslovakia, because American values and politics would not permit it. It is unsuitable for ready use

against mischief-makers, whether in North Korea or Peru, because heavy repostes to such irritations usually entail intolerable military or political risks.

While U.S. strength cannot enforce a universal *Pax Americana*, however, the nation's muscle has done a reasonably effective job of protecting the balance in areas crucial to world stability, such as Western Europe and the Far East. For the time being, a strong military machine is essential—although not necessarily at its present size, or guided by its present axioms.

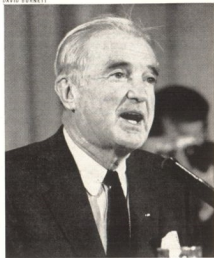
A vexing question is whether the military has become the master of political policy rather than its instrument. Historically, the U.S. military as an institution has kept out of politics to a remarkable degree. One reason perhaps is that until the late '40s Americans never tolerated a peacetime military force large enough to be influential. That has changed radically. What Dwight Eisenhower called the military-industrial complex* constitutes an enormous power bloc that now embraces manufacturers, organized labor, local business interests, many scientists and nonprofit organizations that get defense contracts (see box opposite). Yet it is difficult to show a precise cause-and-effect relationship between the defense complex and the generation of a specific conflict.

Never Again Club

Certainly neither the U.S. military nor U.S. militarism could be blamed for Korea, which was a clear case of Communist attack. The Truman Administration had been in the process of reducing military forces before the war started. After Korea, most high-ranking U.S. officers, including Douglas MacArthur, opposed any future involvement in an Asian land war. The philosophy of the "Never Again Club" dominated planning through the Kennedy years.

Though Shoup maintains that many U.S. officers saw the Viet Nam war as a chance to field-test new weapons and season a generation of career soldiers, the experience seems more an example of military—and political—misjudgment than of calculated aggressiveness. The military, which oversold Lyndon Johnson on the efficiency of air power against North Viet Nam, can be faulted; so can the State Department, which insisted that Ho Chi Minh, despite his Soviet training and his country's history of resistance to Chinese influence, was little more than Peking's puppet. But the final decisions lay with the Chief Executive. When it came to the point of choosing between certain defeat of the South Vietnamese armies and the introduction of U.S. ground combat units, Johnson chose to fight. Ex-

DAVID BURNETT



SYMINGTON
Bristling with skepticism.

cept for such critics as General James Gavin, the never-again club was disbanded. As Professor Hans Morgenthau puts it: "No general was going to admit that the U.S. couldn't win this lousy little war against a couple of hundred thousand peasants in pajamas."

When it comes to the precise application of military means to political ends and to assessing the likely moves of an adversary, the U.S. record in recent years has been less than brilliant. Douglas MacArthur based his strategy on the false conviction that the Chinese would not intervene in Korea. Historians of the Kennedy years say that the new President went along with the Bay of Pigs attack partly because the Joint Chiefs of Staff acquiesced in the CIA operation—but that they did so without thoroughly scrutinizing it. Had Kennedy heeded JCS advice during the Cuban missile crisis, he would have bombed and invaded Cuba before Nikita Khrushchev had had an opportunity to comply with U.S. demands. When the Dominican crisis erupted, the Chiefs urged that 20,000 U.S. troops be sent in, when far fewer would have sufficed.

No Concrete Plan

That Kennedy and McNamara prevailed over their professional military advisers during the tense days of October 1962, to the point of instructing the brass on the smallest details of how the blockade was to be run, tends to rebut the Shoup argument. It was Harry Truman's policy, not MacArthur's, that dominated in Korea. The U.S. did not join with the British and French in the 1956 Suez incident. And last year Clark Clifford, the putative hawk, became convinced that the bombing of North Viet Nam "had been a bust," and won Lyndon Johnson to that view, despite military advice to the contrary.

On becoming Defense Secretary, Clifford was also dismayed to learn that the military had no concrete plan for ending the war within the tactical lim-



SHOUP
Recognizing the limits.

* The phrase was coined by Malcolm Moos, then a White House speechwriter and now president of the University of Minnesota. Eisenhower had asked for ideas for a farewell address on significant issues, and Moos, mindful of Ike's growing concern about a "gar-rison state," submitted this one.

itations imposed by the Administration. For its part, the military has consistently complained that restrictions on the size and use of American forces have given the other side a decisive advantage. This will be argued for years, but there seems to be little doubt that a big-war approach was unsuited to Viet Nam. Some local commanders, for instance, had been shelling fields at random to harass the enemy, though often the effect was to harass innocent peasants instead. Even so, they could not be talked out of the tactic until a tactical—and influential—general from Washington, Andrew Goodpaster, onetime military aide to Dwight Eisenhower, made the case in such military terms as precision targeting and economic use of ammunition.

If the judgment of military professionals has frequently been disappointing, civilian leaders generally must share the blame, and sometimes deserve the larger share. Hans Morgenthau observes that the home warrior is often more militant than the general in the field. Certainly men in multi such as McNamara, Dean Rusk, McGeorge Bundy and Walt Rostow, exerted considerable influence on Viet Nam deliberations.

The Preparedness Problem

Keeping the nation prepared for a war that might never come is in many ways more difficult than actually fighting one. The questions of how much is enough, which weapon to buy and which to junk, the relationship between one nation's technical advances and the incentives they give the adversary for his own buildup—all have yet to be solved in the third decade of the nuclear age. The military proceeds from a relatively simple assumption. Its mission is to protect the nation from every conceivable type of attack and to be able to fight in any kind of situation.

The same applies to force levels. To a commander, an extra division or a new aircraft carrier, another wing of planes or missiles can never hurt. For justification, the military merely points to history. In 1945, General George Marshall wrote: "We finish each bloody war with a feeling of acute revulsion against the savage form of human behavior, and yet on each occasion we confuse military preparedness with the causes of war and then drift almost deliberately into another catastrophe." In the nuclear age, there would be no time for the luxury of mobilization, which the U.S. has enjoyed in previous wars. Thus, presumably the only way to discourage attack is to prove to the potential enemy that an attack would be answered with an overwhelming counterblow. As McNamara put it: "Security depends upon taking a 'worst plausible case' and having the ability to cope with that eventuality."

This has proved a difficult theory to carry out with discrimination and economy, and the U.S. from time to time has suffered from illusory fears. In the early

What Is the Military-Industrial Complex?

THE military-industrial complex is at once more and less than the name implies. As a catch phrase, it may be on its way to surpassing in notoriety "merchants of death," the term that grew out of Senator Gerald Nye's investigation of the arms industry in 1934. But the complex is not a well-organized, centrally directed entity. It is a vast, amorphous conglomeration that goes far beyond the Pentagon and the large manufacturers of weapons. It includes legislators who benefit politically from job-generating military activity in their constituencies, workers in defense plants, the unions to which they belong, university scientists and research organizations that receive Pentagon grants. It even extends to the stores where payrolls are spent, and the landlords, grocers and car salesmen who cater to customers from military bases.

Any important shift of defense spending thus affects many interests and individuals. In fiscal 1968, the Defense Department contracted for \$38.8 billion in goods and services, plus \$6.5 billion for research and development, amounting to 5.3% of the 1968 G.N.P. These funds went to many thousands of prime contractors and subcontractors.

According to a recent estimate, 21% of skilled blue-collar workers and 16% of professional employees are on payrolls that rely on military spending. Entire communities depend almost totally on a military installation, defense plants, or both. Junction City, Kans. (pop. 20,500), lives off Fort Riley. The post pumps \$143 million into the state's economy, most of it in the Junction City area. When an Army division left in 1965, business plummeted 30%.

Communities in this situation grow panicky. Yet some towns have survived the loss nicely. Presque Isle, Me., and Greenville, S.C., for instance, both managed to use land and facilities previously occupied by military installations for industrial development.

Generally, the effect of the M-I complex is to foster heavy defense spending and impede cutbacks, even in an inflationary period. Not at all by coincidence, the legislators who have the most to say about military spending—the chairmen of the Senate and House Armed Services and Appropriations Committees—have been blessed over the years with substantial military business in their states and districts. Congressman George Mahon (House Appropriations) can point to the fact that Texas gets more business from the military than any other state except California (which gets \$6.6 billion a year). South Carolina's Mendel Rivers (House Armed Services) can, and frequently does note that his home town of Charleston thrives as a result of its huge shipbuilding facilities and naval installations.

The Defense Department spends al-

most \$4,000,000 a year on congressional liaison, employing about 340 people for the task. One of their functions is to keep in close touch with members of Congress, providing such information as announcements of new contracts or construction in a particular member's bailiwick.

Representatives of the big firms, sometimes called MICs (for military-industrial complex), are often corporate vice presidents with six-figure salaries and generous expense accounts. They are usually not registered lobbyists, and they tend to be discreet in their operations, keeping their names out of the newspapers and avoiding lavish soirees. At private clubs in town, on country-club golf courses, sometimes on a farm in Maryland or Virginia, occasionally on a yacht, they entertain—and gather intelligence. To compete successfully, their companies have to know what the military is likely to want, what project is popular on Capitol Hill, who is really the best man to deal with.

The big contractors find the military an excellent source for such experts. Senator William Proxmire, one of the Pentagon's most persistent and effective critics, notes that 2,072 retired, high-ranking military officers are now on the payrolls of the 100 top defense contractors, a threefold increase in the past ten years. While Proxmire does not charge any overt impropriety, he and others wonder whether an officer dealing with a particular company is going to drive a very hard bargain if he may go to work for it soon.

What is the overall effect of the M-I complex? That depends on the viewpoint. Dwight Eisenhower warned of its "grave implications," while acknowledging the nation's "imperative need" for a vigorous defense industry. V. J. Adduci, vice president of the Aerospace Industries Association, says that it is not diabolical or secretive but exemplifies the "open, dynamic, fail-safe relationship between two viable segments of our society." Economist Arthur F. Burns, now a senior White House aide, has argued that the complex "has been affecting profoundly the character of our society as well as the thrust and contours of economic activity." The effects, according to Burns, have been mostly negative: promoting excess government spending, stoking inflation, diverting resources from civilian needs, warping college curriculums, luring professors from teaching into research and breeding a class of civilian managers and scientists whose sole orientation is toward the government. The M-I complex is not really a complex; it is certainly no demon, no Mafia. But in view of the manifold problems it manages to create, without necessarily meaning to, it clearly bears close and constant surveillance.

Continued following page



"SQUASH IT GENTLY.
WE MUSTN'T SEEM DISRESPECTFUL."

From the people
who brought you Vietnam:



The anti ballistic missile system.

NEWSPAPER ADVERTISEMENT BY SANE



"BREAKING IN A NEW MOUNT IS REALLY QUITE EASY, ONCE YOU LET HIM KNOW WHO'S IN CHARGE! I'VE NEVER HAD ANY TROUBLE."

'50s, there was "the bomber gap." Fearful that the Russians would produce fleets of intercontinental bombers that would leave the U.S. exposed to attack, the nation began shelling out billions for new bomber series and an extensive air defense system. The Russians never fulfilled their bomber potential. Later came "the missile gap" again based on an appraisal of Moscow's ability to produce a weapon. The Kennedy Administration embarked upon an extensive missile-making program, and again the Russians failed to fulfill their potential. In 1967, McNamara admitted that he had bought too many missiles out of ignorance of what Moscow was going to do. In 1967, the Russians began to produce intercontinental ballistic missiles in quantity, but whether they were responding to the U.S. deployment or would have gone ahead on their own is impossible to tell. In any event, the sudden burst of activity is cited by Defense Secretary Melvin Laird as reason enough for the Administration to go ahead with its Safeguard ABM program. The Russians, Laird says, are striving to achieve the power to hit the U.S. so hard that it could not retaliate. Having been financially ambushed at the gap twice before, it is no surprise that the public has greeted ABM with some degree of skepticism.

The Plea from Great Falls

If considerations of strategy involve built-in waste, so do two other sets of factors that enter into the preparedness problem: the political-economic and the technical-administrative. Defense became big business in World War II, and has remained so. For most communities, military spending means prosperity. Members of the Congress may like economy for the nation, but they like prosperity for their own states and districts even more. One sign of the changing times, however, was Senate Majority Leader Mike Mansfield's rebuke to a group of constituents who last week urged him to approve the Safeguard system. Great Falls, Mont., would be the site of one base. "The ABM," said Mansfield, "is not just another public works project. It is not some trivial boondoggle, a minor item out of the military pork barrel. It touches questions which go to the structure of a free society, and to the civilized survival of this nation and the Soviet Union, and perhaps of all nations."

But in general, the spending process that has grown up in the past 20 years has all but got out of control. Though the Budget Bureau is supposed to run an independent check of all proposed expenditures by Government agencies, it has accorded the Defense Department, the biggest spender of them all, special treatment that results in considerable freedom from stringent review. Congress, with its key military and appropriations committees headed by promilitary Southerners, has occasionally voted more money than the Pentagon requested. When McNamara an-

nounced the closing of 80 installations in 1964, he received 169 protests from Congressmen that same day.

The technical-administrative problems can be equally galling. Defense contractors frequently bid low to get a contract, then considerably overran the original estimate. When Laird took office, he found some \$1.8 billion in so-called "overruns" in this year's budget, and he fears there will be more. Lockheed's giant C-5A transport, for example, may cost \$1 billion to \$2 billion more than its original price tag. Technical delays can add millions, too, because inflation raises the price.

Most mystifying of all in the era of flawless space shots is the fact that the military often seems unable to develop new weapons on schedule and in working order. Some projects turn out well, of course, such as the SR-71 reconnaissance plane (see SCIENCE). But the new tank program is a mess, with three separate projects years behind schedule and far in the red. The M-16 rifle now in use in Viet Nam is a sound weapon, but it went into full production inexcusably late. For a time the Communists, with their new Russian-designed AK-47 assault rifles, had better personal weapons than the forces of the most advanced nation in the world.

The Air Force's B-70 was virtually a bust. The Government spent \$1.4 billion to build two test models before it was abandoned as obsolete. The F-111 was an attempt to save money while modernizing. McNamara thought he could save \$1 billion by developing one plane for three services: Air Force, Navy and Marines. Eventually, the Marines dropped out, and the Navy, after investing \$200 million, abandoned the carrier version in favor of its own new plane, the F-14A. The Air Force is reasonably satisfied with its F-111, except that a dozen have crashed so far, and the plane is costing \$6 billion, more than twice the original estimate.

Research Chief's Nightmares

Lieut. General Austin Betts, the Army's chief of research and development, points to a central problem: "It is the constant fight between progress and being sure you never make a mistake." When to go into production and when to continue research is a problem that constantly bedevils Betts and his counterparts elsewhere in the Pentagon. "Make it, and you're a hero," he says. "Wrong, and you are up on the Hill." Men like Betts and John Foster, the research chief for the Defense Department, suffer nightmares that the other side may achieve some technological breakthrough that will leave the U.S. far behind in some crucial area and thereby subject it to blackmail by an enemy with an unbeatable hand.

At some point, however, the threat must be weighed against other national needs, and priorities must be assigned. If McNamara's doctrine of the "worst

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The Military View—From the Top and from the Ranks

In the face of growing public distrust and criticism, military men of all ranks are reacting with a mixture of resentment and resignation. Here are the comments of three professionals:

AS Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff since 1964, General Earle G. Wheeler, 61, is America's top man in uniform. Groomed for the post by General Maxwell Taylor, Wheeler was assigned to give weekly briefings to John Kennedy during the 1960 presidential campaign. The one-time West Point mathematics instructor's presentations impressed Kennedy, and he was appointed Army Chief of Staff in 1962. When Taylor stepped down from the chairmanship two years later, Wheeler took over. By law, he should have held the job for only two two-year terms, but Congress gave him an unprecedented extension requested by President Johnson.

Lately, as the debate on the role of the military gathered force, "Bus" Wheeler kept his own counsel. Last week, in a rare interview, he broke that silence. "You know, there have been only two wars in American history that one might call popular: World Wars I and II," Wheeler told TIME.

With Korea and Viet Nam, Wheeler thinks that "the American people are understandably wondering why we have to be involved in other nations' security affairs." The result, Wheeler believes, is that "Americans feel like saying 'Let everyone take care of themselves. We have done it long enough for them.'" Another cause of disquiet, he concedes, is the fact that "Viet Nam has gone on so long" with no clear-cut outcome. "This frustration is why people are hitting out at the nearest hitching post, much as the students strike at the universities when that is really not what they're mad at." The staggering cost of modern armament is a further cause of discontent, Wheeler says. "An ICBM is at least a million dollars a throw; a nuclear carrier, half a billion, an ARM system, \$7 billion. And it is all blamed on the military, because at first glance our weapons and our uniforms are easily identified."

Despite the changing attitudes toward the military, Wheeler sees no change in its own concept of duty and service. He says: "What the military has tried to do for nearly two centuries of American history—and I hope will go on trying to do—is, if possible, to prevent wars, minimize the pain of peacetime defense as much as possible, and yet protect the American people so that they can live in peace and freedom as they wish."

As a boy in the Kentucky hill country, Brady O. Kelley would listen for hours to his father's tales of warring with General Pershing on the Mexican border. He joined the Army at 17, received a battlefield commission during World War II,



KELLEY

and rose to captain. But with his sketchy education, further promotion was impossible. He reverted to noncom, now holds the rank of sergeant-major. Still hard and trim at 48, Kelley is in charge of re-enlistments for the Second Division Headquarters, about 20 miles north of Seoul, Korea. "I signed a contract with my Government," he says. "My Government promised to pay me once a month, whether I worked or not, to take care of my youngsters if I die, and to keep them healthy in any case. They kept



WHEELER

their side of the bargain and I'm going to keep mine." Kelley likes to tell G.I.s who come to discuss "re-upping" about the old days. "When I came in the Army, we still used carrier pigeons for sending messages, and oh my goodness, some of those farm boys like me had a hard time writing the message."

He does not go back to Kentucky any more. "The old people I knew all have big potbellies, and all they know about is the price of tobacco and who's running for sheriff." When he is Stateside, he goes instead to Southgate, Mich., and his wife, four boys (two in college on scholarships), three TV sets, two cars and comfortable house ("Just like my neighbors', only mine is paid for"). The Army, he says, "has been good to me. For an old boy like me from the hills of Kentucky to do as well in civilian life, I'd have to have \$15,000 a year."

Behind his Michigan home, Kelley has planted a flagpole; now four or five of his neighbors have done the same. "Why, patriotism isn't dead in our country," he says. "The American soldier still sticks up for America. I think young men appreciate America a little more after they've been to a place like this. It would be better if there was no war, but do you think that's ever going to happen? We've had good men—Christ, Gandhi, Martin Luther King, but somebody killed 'em. Man, I guess, is just a fighting animal. And as long as that's true, we're going to have an Army."

Senior Chief Petty Officer Richard Rose, 37, is a troubled man. Seventeen years ago, he quit college and joined the Navy; now he is in the public-affairs section of the headquarters of the Pacific Amphibious Force at Coronado, Calif. What bothers him is that while the Navy has found room for his liberal attitudes, his civilian friends treat him like a warmonger. Though he loves Navy life, he plans to return to college in 1972, when he will have served 20 years and qualified for a pension at half his top salary.

During a recent home leave in Los Angeles, he dropped in on a meeting of the Hollywood chapter of the Committee for a Sane Nuclear Policy. "These were my type of people—doctors, lawyers—but to them I was part of a fascist outfit," says Rose. "They told me I was brainwashed, living a lie. It was an automatic reaction. I'm a socialist myself, and I'm antiwar, but none of this mattered. I had to leave that meeting. In Los Angeles, a lot of my old friends wouldn't even talk to me. My mother-in-law threw a party for the boy her Barbara married, and a lot of people came and said 'That's nice, but I can't accept you.'"

Rose went back to the base shaken. Where would he fit when he returned to civilian life? "The people waving the flag are not the people I'd like to associate with. There's nothing worse than having a guy on your side for the wrong reasons—a guy like Curtis LeMay. But on the other side, there's silly, young, earnest Phi Beta Kappa housewives discussing how much strontium 90 could be in the milk."

"The American people are forgetting that the fighting man is still an extension of the society. He's Johnny Jones, who used to jerk sodas back in his home town. The only way the military can ever become a danger to this country is if the public turns their back on it, and that is what's happening. They're isolating it."



ROSE

plausible case" were applied in every case, the nation would soon be broke or all its citizens would be huddling in a continent-wide bomb shelter—or both. With defense spending running at \$80 billion, and with the services requesting enough in new weapons to offset most of the savings that would be achieved by peace in Viet Nam, there must obviously be some hard thinking about where to draw the line.

Weapons systems aside, the same is true in the equally uncertain area of foreign commitments and the deployment of forces. The approach to these essentially political problems has been essentially unchanged for 22 years. "If

velopment of sufficiently sophisticated policies in which economic, social and political factors are employed with the same skill as military ones.

The sheer size of the military is one indication. In addition to the forces in and around Viet Nam, the U.S. has some 900,000 servicemen stationed elsewhere abroad. It has defense agreements of varying nature with 48 nations. It maintains some 400 major installations abroad, in addition to the 476 at home. Altogether, there are 3,400,000 Americans in uniform, plus nearly 1,000,000 paid reservists. Few responsible critics argue that this force should be instantly reduced. But once the war in Viet Nam is ended, selective and gradual reductions at home and in such places as Korea, Okinawa and Germany would probably be both possible and prudent.

Two Valid Admonitions

What the military needs most of all is clear guidance from civilian supervisors—both on Capitol Hill and in the White House—as to its role in the '70s. It has not always been forthcoming. If there is uncertainty about U.S. interests and intentions in Asia or Europe or the Middle East, if there is coasting on old assumptions that may no longer be valid, the military could occupy the vacuum by fashioning its own, probably parochial policy. Ironically, a retreat from its world responsibilities could be as dangerous for American society as an excess of interventionist zeal. As the Rand Corporation's Arnold Horelick points out, indifference to or isolation from the rest of the world could prompt the U.S. to "build walls, and then you'd get social reorganizations conducive to a garrison state."

In considering how much of the nation's wealth and brainpower to allocate to defense needs, two Eisenhower admonitions remain valid. In 1965, he warned in *Waging Peace* that "every addition to defense expenditures does not automatically increase military security. Because security is based upon moral and economic, as well as purely military strength, a point can be reached at which additional funds for arms, far from bolstering security, weaken it." In his farewell address in 1961, he argued: "Only an alert and knowledgeable citizenry can compel the proper meshing of the huge industrial and military machinery of defense with our peaceful methods and goals so that security and liberty may prosper together."

Vigilance is a term usually applied to armies on the lookout for enemies. As Eisenhower's caveat and the raging debate in the U.S. on the role of the military indicate, vigilance is similarly required on the part of Congress, the Executive and the public. It is required not to render the military powerless or to deny its courage and dedication or to thrust it beyond the pale. Such alertness is necessary, rather, to ensure that the military does not, by design or accident, irreparably impair the health of the society it is pledged to protect.

HEROES

Home to the Heartland

The trappings were poignantly familiar—the flag-draped gun carriage inching down Constitution Avenue, the throngs filing past a casket in the Capitol Rotunda, the millions pausing before their television sets to watch a hero laid to rest. To a nation that has lately witnessed all too many such occasions, the funeral of Dwight Eisenhower had a significant difference. It was not an occasion for grief over a life tragically foreshortened by an assassin's bullet but an opportunity to pay homage to one who had served his country and had died in peace, his work completed.

There was more dignity than drama in Ike's final journey—and that is precisely how he wanted it. He had approved the arrangements as long ago as 1966, and they were carried out with military precision. At the beginning of the week, his casket was removed from Washington's National Cathedral. One witness of the transfer was Omar Bradley, 76, the last of the five-star generals, who saluted his wartime colleague with a sadly trembling hand. After the casket was taken to a spot near the Washington Monument, it was placed atop the horse-drawn gun carriage for the 11-mile ride to the Capitol. Raven, a spirited black gelding, walked behind, bearing an empty saddle with boots reversed in their stirrups, an ancient salute to a fallen warrior. Some 50,000 people braved chill winds and a drizzle to watch from the sidewalks as the procession passed slowly before them.

A Life Fulfilled. Inside the Rotunda, President Richard Nixon reflected on the satisfaction of a life fulfilled. "He restored calm to a divided nation," said the President. "He gave Americans a new measure of self-respect. He invested his office with dignity and respect and trust. He made Americans proud of their President, proud of their country, proud of themselves." Said Nixon: "He came from the heart of America. And he gave expression to the heart of America, and he touched the hearts of the world."

Within two hours after Ike died at Walter Reed Army Medical Center, a black-bordered letter went to some 130 embassies and missions in Washington with the announcement: "The Secretary of State presents his compliments to their excellencies and messieurs the chiefs of mission and has the sad duty to inform them . . ." Each government

Beneath the vaulting, 180-foot dome of the Capitol Rotunda, Richard Nixon delivers his eulogy of Dwight Eisenhower. A somber audience of about 400 people, including many foreign dignitaries, attended the rites after the flag-draped casket was carried down Constitution Ave. by horse-drawn gun carriage.



MINUTEMAN ICBM IN SOUTH DAKOTA SILO
Ugly and dangerous, but a fact of life.

one should characterize American foreign policy in a sentence," Morgenthau observes in *A New Foreign Policy for the United States*, "one could say that it has lived during the last decade or so on the intellectual capital which was accumulated in the famous 15 weeks of the spring of 1947 when the policy of containment, the Truman Doctrine and the Marshall Plan, fashioned a new American foreign policy, and that this capital has now been nearly exhausted." Not only does the use of raw military power have distinct limitations, but another paradox of the atomic age is that the possessor of overwhelming strength is often no stronger for it in dealing with other nations. Russia tolerates abuse from Rumania, Albania and China, and independence on the part of Yugoslavia. The U.S. has learned to live with Castro's Cuba and lesser annoyances in Latin America. While this lesson has been acknowledged for years in the abstract, it has not yet resulted in the de-

YALE JOEL—LIFE







WALTER DENNETT

Joining Nixon, his wife Pat, and daughter Tricia in the first row of mourners are four other chiefs of state: the Shah of Iran, Belgium's King Baudouin, President Habib Bourguiba of Tunisia and France's President Charles de Gaulle.

← National Cathedral is crowded with mourners as the Rev. Edward L. R. Elson, Ike's minister during the White House years, leads funeral ceremonies. State flags hang from the walls.

JOHN OLSON—LIFE

The service chiefs bid farewell at Union Station. General Earle Wheeler, Chairman of the Joint Chiefs, is followed by General John McConnell (Air Force), Admiral Thomas Moorer (Navy), General William Westmoreland (Army), General Leonard Chapman (Marine Corps), and Admiral Willard J. Smith (Coast Guard).

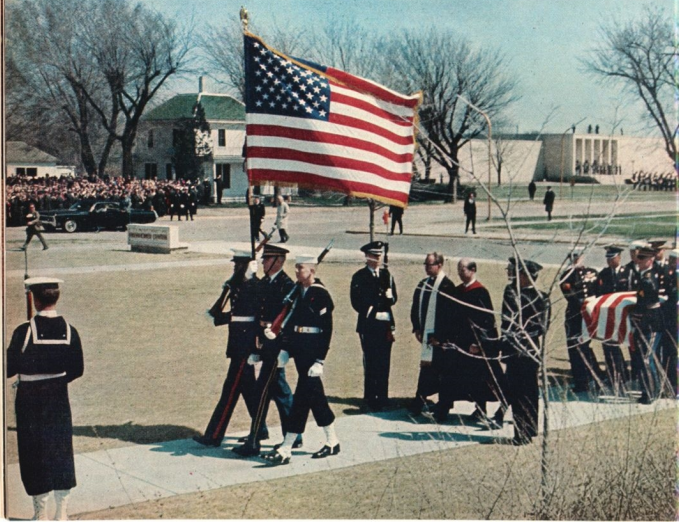
BOB PETERSON—LIFE





PAUL CORLEIN

WALTER DENNETT



← Townspeople of Washington, Ind., salute the train with a solid line of flags. The train stopped briefly to change crews and then sped on to Abilene.

Eisenhower's body is carried to its final resting place in the Place of Meditation in Abilene's Eisenhower Center. In the serene, campus-like background are Ike's boyhood home and the Eisenhower Museum, containing mementos of his career.



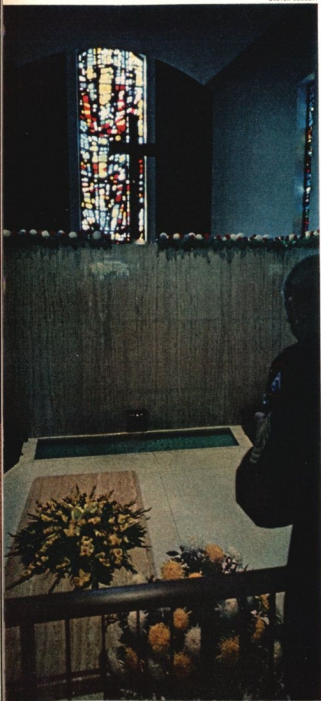
WALTER BENNETT



The casket is carried from the crape-draped baggage car and placed by servicemen in a hearse at the Abilene railroad station. Giant grain elevators, symbols of the heartland that nurtured Eisenhower, loom behind the funeral train.

Following the ceremonies, Mamie Eisenhower, accompanied by her son John, the new U.S. Ambassador to Belgium, carries away the flag that had draped her husband's coffin.

WALTER DENNETT



DON CARL STEFFEN

After the interment ceremonies, an Army sergeant photographs the tomb in the Place of Meditation. A small fountain bubbles at the rear.

was then confronted with the question: Whom should it send?

Comrades-in-Arms. Many responded by sending their first citizens to Washington, a tribute not only to the 34th President of the U.S. but also to the commander of the Western forces that defeated Hitler and liberated Europe in World War II. Eighteen heads of state or chiefs of government were on hand, as well as a score of foreign ministers. Among the major Western allies only Britain, a country with special ties to Eisenhower, did not send a delegation of the highest echelon. Lord Mountbatten, leader of the British contingent, was outranked by most other delegates, but had a special place at the rites as an old comrade-in-arms of Ike's. Perhaps the warmest expression of affection came

ing, and in a day when most people take planes, the Eisenhowers often traveled by train. It was by train that the general returned for the last time to his boyhood home of Abilene. A ten-car train was assembled, and the coffin was put aboard baggage car No. 314. The "Old Santa Fe," the private car that carried Eisenhower to Abilene in 1952 for his first campaign speech, was put on for Mrs. Eisenhower and members of the family. At first, the route was kept secret, perhaps out of fear that spectators might be hurt (two onlookers were killed waiting for Robert Kennedy's funeral train last year).

The secret could not be kept for long, however, and scarcely had the train left Washington's Union Station when towns along the way began making plans for tribute. Nothing that took place during the five days of mourning was so eloquent in expressing the country's feeling of nostalgia and affection as the simple, spontaneous turnouts along the tracks. In Charleston, W. Va., nearly 600 people, including children in pajamas and blankets, watched the train go by. In Washington, Ind., a small (pop. 11,000) farming town in the southwestern part of the state, 10,000 people gathered from as far away as 50 miles to greet the train as it stopped to change crews. Some put their hands to their hearts, but most just watched silently when the baggage car, bearing a length of crape and an American flag, came into view.

Meaningful Restraint. "I have wandered far," Ike said after V-E Day in 1945, "but never have I forgotten Abilene." Nor had the town of Abilene forgotten its most illustrious son. For the burial, official decoration was modest, consisting of small flags hung on lamp-posts. Most stores put up signs saying "Closed in respect to Dwight Eisenhower." Such restraint, as TIME's Chicago Bureau Chief Champ Clark noted, "does not mean that they were not proud of him or that they did not admire him tremendously. They did, both as the famous home-town boy and as a reflection of their own down-to-earth values. When Ike died, they reacted in their own way."

In good measure, the ceremonies were as much the Army's as Abilene's, and they flashed with brass and braid. About 2,000 troops descended on the town of 7,300, a majority of them to furnish the stringent security that has become routine in recent years.

At midmorning on a sparkling April day, the burial procession, including cars carrying President Nixon and former President Johnson, set out from the station. It passed along Buckeye Avenue and stopped at the Eisenhower Center, a complex of buildings that includes the Eisenhower Library and the museum, the home where Ike grew up, and the Place of Meditation, a non-denominational chapel where he chose to be buried. After the rites, the flag that had covered the casket was care-

fully folded and handed to the general's wife of 52 years with the traditional military words: "This flag is presented to you on behalf of a grateful nation as a token of appreciation for the honorable and faithful service rendered by your loved one."

Right from Wrong. Looking understandably strained after her ten-month vigil at the Army Medical Center and the seemingly endless ordeal of the funeral, Mrs. Eisenhower, 72, nevertheless managed to retain her composure. She gave way to tears only occasionally. About two hours after the interment, when the last of the official visitors had departed, she returned unobtrusively to the small chapel. There she placed yellow gladioli on her husband's crypt and yellow chrysanthemums on the nearby



DE GAULLE AT CAPITOL ROTUNDA
Salute to a friend . . .

from France's Charles de Gaulle, another wartime colleague and friend, whose eyes filled with tears when he spoke of Ike on his arrival at Dulles International Airport.

De Gaulle, 78, paused before the casket in the Rotunda to offer a somber salute. After an estimated 60,000 people had filed through the Rotunda, the casket was returned to the cathedral for the funeral. Outside, the Marine Band struck up *Hail to the Chief*—notes that were heard repeatedly during the five days—and eight pallbearers carried the casket down the aisle to the catafalque, draped in purple velvet. The Rev. Edward L. R. Elson, the Presbyterian minister who baptized Eisenhower in 1953 (Ike's parents were members of a Menonite sect) and who was one of three ministers officiating, offered thanks "for his high vision of the better world toward which all men of goodwill strive."

Mamie Eisenhower never liked fly-



BRADLEY AT THE FUNERAL
... with trembling hand.

tomb of her first born son, Doud Dwight, who died at the age of three in 1920.

General Eisenhower himself had written the words that will be placed on tablets above his grave: "Give us," he said in a prayer preceding his first inaugural address in 1953, "the power to discern clearly right from wrong, and allow all our words and actions to be governed thereby, and by the laws of this land. Especially we pray that our concern shall be for all the people regardless of station, race or calling. May cooperation be permitted, and be the mutual aim of those who, under the concepts of our Constitution, hold to differing political faiths, so that all may work for the good of our beloved country and Thy glory." Dwight Eisenhower sought throughout his presidency to live by those words. In death, he endures as one who personified his country's virtues and who upheld these virtues to the end.

THE ENVIRONMENT

Daniel Boone's River

It is no wonder that Kentucky's Red River Gorge, a 15-mile stretch of primeval beauty bordered by 600-ft. limestone cliffs, is known as the Grand Canyon of the East. Daniel Boone is supposed to have holed up there, and the surrounding national forest bears his name. Carved out of the Cumberland Plateau, it is an almost otherworldly wonderland of castle rock formations, soaring pinnacles and natural arches. It is also a refuge for some 50 species of mammals and 275 species of birds.

Had the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers had its way, the Red River Gorge would now be earmarked for submersion. But last week, yielding to unusual pressures, the corps disclosed that it was abandoning plans to build a dam there. To control seasonal floods and store water for fast-growing Lexington, 50 miles to the west, a dam will be built 5.3 miles downstream from the original site, thereby saving the most spectacular two-thirds of the gorge from flooding.

Great Obsessions. The cement pourers have been thwarted on dam projects before, but rarely—if ever—on such ecological and esthetic grounds. What rescued the Red River Gorge was frenzied activity by the Sierra Club and the Audubon Society, an outpouring of statements by Kentucky biologists, and most important, intervention by some high-level Republicans, including Governor Louie Nunn, Senator John Sherman Cooper and President Richard Nixon.

As in so many crises of the en-

vironment, plans for the \$11.2 million dam went unopposed until nearly too late. In 1967, the conservationists went to work. That archchampion of the wilderness, Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas, led hikers through the gorge to publicize its impending fate. "The building of dams is one of the great obsessions of America," he said, "but engineering values are not what we live by."

In victory, the conservationists are wary. Concerned that the gorge may yet be despoiled by speculators who might scar it with roads, cabins, camp sites and motorboat docks, University of Kentucky Agricultural Economist Carl M. Clark warned: "We saved the gorge from the water. Now we have to save it from the people." Moreover, the conservationists are well aware that many more of America's remaining wild rivers are ticketed for taming. Among some 70 dams on the corps' boards or under construction are projects that would affect the Sangamon in Illinois (the tributary taken by Abe Lincoln in leaving the backwoods), the Big Walnut in Indiana, the Snake in Idaho and the St. John in Maine.

POLITICS

Sad Sam

When he was seeking his first term in 1961, Los Angeles Mayor Sam Yorty insisted that "to ensure healthy democratic processes" and thwart any "self-interest group that feeds on continued control of city hall," eight years in the mayor's office should be the limit. That argument helped Sam to defeat a two-term incumbent. However, after eight years in city hall, he decided that they were scarcely sufficient after all.

The voters may well overrule him. In a mayoral primary last week, the flamboyant mayor polled only 26% of the vote. Yorty came in a distant second to City Councilman Thomas Bradley, a Negro, who captured 42% of the total. A lawyer and former police lieutenant, Bradley, 51, fell short of the majority needed to prevent a May 27 runoff against Yorty. But by drawing 293,753 votes to Yorty's 183,334, he established himself as the favorite. Bradley's showing was more impressive for the fact that he was running in a field of 14.

Scandal and Absenteeism. It was the state of Sam Yorty's city hall that caught up with him. His second term was tainted by scandals, including indictments of five Yorty-appointed city commissioners on charges of bribery or criminal conflict of interest. (Three were convicted, two await trial.) Angelenos were unhappy with the mayor's frequent absences—he visited more than a dozen foreign countries—while the nation's third city (pop. 2,800,000) was wracked by crises. Los Angeles Negroes (18% of the voters) united against Yorty for his failure to grapple with racial issues that have simmered since the 1965 Watts uprising. Though Yorty integrated city departments, Negroes were of the



TOM & ETHEL BRADLEY

Yellow or gray or magenta—what matter?

opinion that it was only a token effort. Yorty's greatest failure was in providing leadership for the diffuse, sprawling metropolis that was described 30 years ago as "19 suburbs in search of a city"; today there are 64 suburbs, and they are still searching. Yorty has protested that the mayor's power is so limited he is scarcely able to govern at all.

Moral Force. Bradley disagreed emphatically. The city charter (adopted in 1925) does not proscribe leadership, he argued. The mayor "has to take on the role of being the community's moral force. For most of its people, the city has ceased functioning. All it does is pick up garbage. How can you identify with a garbage truck?" The 6-ft. 3-in. former football and track star impressed audiences with his expertise on urban affairs. To whites anxious about the city's racial divisions, Bradley declared: "Let me say to those of you who are uneasy—that black, brown or white or yellow or gray or magenta, I happen to be the most qualified candidate running."

Bradley's strategy was to identify himself as "the" Democratic candidate in a city with twice as many Democrats as Republicans. Against Yorty, who supported Richard Nixon in 1960 and who last year was touting himself as a potential Secretary of Defense in a G.O.P. Administration, that was not an impossible task. Bradley won endorsements from Senators Edmund Muskie, Fred Harris and California's own Alan Cranston and from former Governor Pat Brown. He mobilized 10,000 volunteers, set up 31 neighborhood headquarters, compensated for a lack of sizable contributions by attracting small sums from thousands of donors.

During the campaign, Yorty affected a pose of almost cocksure confidence, rarely stepping out of the television tube. No sooner were the results in than he abandoned that cool, accusing Bradley



RED RIVER GORGE

Man does not live by engineers alone.

of waging a "racist" and "deceitful" contest. "I haven't let loose on him yet," he said. All the same, he has a long way to go to catch up. The candidate who finished third in the primary, Moderate Republican Congressman Alphonzo Bell, endorsed Bradley. So did the *Los Angeles Times*, an old foe of Yorty's.

The city's April Fools' Day balloting also produced two winners with familiar names. Barry Goldwater Jr., 30, who may be more conservative than his Senator father, won the G.O.P. primary for a vacant Los Angeles seat in Congress. Edmund G. Brown Jr., 31, son of the former Governor, made good in his first race too, leading the primary field for a place on the city's newly created junior colleges board. Both are heavy favorites in their runoff.

Upset in Wisconsin

Wisconsin's Seventh District, a picturesque region of forests, lakes and dairy farms, has long been an unsailable Republican stronghold. Before last week, the Seventh had not sent a single Democrat to Congress in this century, and it elected Melvin Laird to nine consecutive terms on Capitol Hill before he moved to the Pentagon. Thus, as the G.O.P. nominee in a special election held last week to choose Laird's successor, State Senator Walter J. Chilsen felt pretty good about his chances. Chilsen, 45, a former television newscaster from Wausau, felt so good, in fact, that he rather imprudently billed his campaign as "a referendum on the Nixon Administration." That was hardly the case, but his coattail reference may well haunt the G.O.P. While Chilsen conducted a languid campaign, Democratic State Assemblyman David Obey (pronounced Oh-bee) ran at full throttle all the way and edged his opponent, 63,592 votes to 59,512.

Taxes and Milk. Intellectual and seemingly inexhaustible, Obey, 30, healed party wounds that have festered since the Chicago convention, and got popular Senator Gaylord Nelson to stump for him in eleven of the district's 15 counties. He had two important factors going for him. One was that reapportionment shifts had cut into Republican strength—a fact that went all but unnoticed last year because Laird had amassed 64.5% of the vote. Another was Republican Governor Warren Knowles' proposal to balance a \$25 million budget deficit by raising taxes, a move endorsed by Chilsen. The day before the election, the G.O.P. almost certainly lost hundreds of dairy farmers' votes when Agriculture Secretary Clifford Hardin announced that he did not support 90% parity for milk prices.

Chilsen later conceded gamely that "there was overconfidence from Washington to Wausau." Overconfidence was certainly not one of Obey's deficiencies during the race—or later, for that matter. The morning after his victory, Obey was at the gates of the Wausau Paper Mills plant in nearby Brokaw at dawn to thank workers for their votes.

THE CITY: THE EAST ST. LOUIS BLUES

MOST American cities are in trouble. Few are in more trouble than East St. Louis, Ill., a decaying industrial suburb across the Mississippi from St. Louis' soaring Gateway Arch.

Almost half of the 130 stores that once lined the city's main shopping streets are gone. So much business has fled the community that city hall is now the third largest employer, public schools the fourth. More than half of the city's families live on less than \$3,000 a year; 21% of the labor force is unemployed. One-fourth of the 82,000 residents receive some kind of public assistance. Relations between the city's 38,000 whites and its 44,000 Negroes are abrasive at best. Though little organized vice survives and the once famous red-light district is deserted, East St. Louis has one of the worst crime rates of any U.S. city its size. There were 47 murders in 1968 and 15 so far in 1969. Only the brave dare walk its streets after dark.

Micawberism. East St. Louis has always been something of an illusion. From the Missouri side of the river, it looks like a throbbing industrial center. Actually, most of the industry is situated beyond the city limits, in a warren of privately incorporated company towns that draw on East St. Louis's cheap labor sources but contribute nothing to its support. A magnet for North-bound Negroes ever since World War II, the city is overburdened with unskilled workers whose families have strained the welfare system and glutted the schools. When large plants like Swift, Armour and Alcoa pulled out for better locations, they left behind a seething, sickened slum.

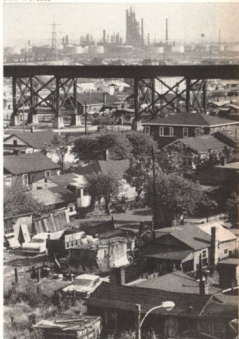
Unable to meet burgeoning budgets from a shrinking tax base, East St. Louis has survived for the past 15 years by the euphemistically named ploy of "judgment financing." While borrowing from banks, which invariably have to sue for repayment, the city has remained a step ahead of its creditors by taking advantage of an Illinois law that permits it to float bonds without public consent. This kind of Micawberism has driven the city so deep into the red that debt service accounted for 35% of 1967's property-tax revenues and threatens to devour more than half by 1975.

Moribund Machine. Rescuers are attempting various forms of fiscal resuscitation. City Administrator George Washnis, an optimist who believes that there is nothing wrong with the city that \$750 million will not cure, is looking for \$30 million to \$50 million in catalytic federal funds, hoping that private industry will provide the rest over the next 20 years. Some money is already trickling in. A \$2,086,000 grant under the Model Cities program is expected shortly, and the city could receive about \$23 million more if other major federal grants come through. Illinois' Governor Richard Ogilvie recently approved

a \$50,000 program for the study of a proposed new airport, whose construction could open up 2,500 new jobs. A big development company is interested in putting up 3,500 low-income housing units worth up to \$80 million.

Newly appointed Police Director Ross V. Randolph, whose salary of \$25,000 is the city's highest, is making his presence felt. He is a former FBI agent, prison warden and state director of public safety. Randolph has announced plans to open storefront police offices in the hope of improving communications between the city's authorities and its deep-

LYNN T. SPENCE



DOWNTOWN HOUSES AND PLANTS
Always something of an illusion.

ly mistrustful blacks. One of the priorities facing his undermanned and undermanned force of 92 officers is to halt an unexplained wave of snipings. Since the beginning of last year, 31 people have been wounded, two killed. Only last week a man was shot in the back from a speeding car.

Politically, at least, the outlook for East St. Louis seems to be brightening. A predominantly black committee, chaired by Negro Bus Driver Harold Brewer, has petitioned for a referendum returning the city to an aldermanic form of government by 1971. This could end the rule of Mayor Alvin G. Fields' moribund Democratic machine and give the black majority a real voice.

In East St. Louis, these relatively minor developments are cause for at least quiet celebration. All represent movement, and for a city at the very bottom of the urban heap, that can only mean improvement.

中国共产党第九次全国代表大会

THE WORLD



OPENING OF CHINESE PARTY CONGRESS IN PEKING*

CHINA'S SEARCH FOR STABILITY

TO the clang of cymbals and drums, China plunged into a pandemonium of celebrations. From humid, semitropical Yunnan to frigid Heilungkiang, millions of Chinese paraded through cities and towns, waving the little red books of Mao Tse-tung's quotations and chanting "Long life to Chairman Mao!" Many carried sunflowers as symbols of loyalty to a man whom his followers revere as "the red sun in our hearts." The occasion was, according to its official title, "The Ninth National Congress of the great, glorious and correct Communist Party of China."

Control Upheaval. Thus, for the first time since 1958, Mao last week opened a national political convention. It was a highly significant moment for him. After having subjected China and the party to more than two years of chaos in the name of his Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution, Mao was trying not only to control the upheaval that has threatened to plunge the country into civil war but also to rebuild the party.

The very fact that the congress was convened at all showed that Mao had made at least some progress toward domestic peace. According to the 1956 party's constitution, the congress should have been held in 1961, but it was delayed. Mao wanted to convene it last year but nationwide chaos stirred up by his Cultural Revolution forced one postponement after another. The revolution, he had originally hoped, would rekindle the zealous spirit that spurred Chinese Communists to emerge from the caves of Yenan and conquer all of China after World War II. It would also, Mao thought, reinvigorate a party

that had become little more than an ossified, bureaucratic establishment. Only when a measure of peace—or at least stalemate—eased the power struggle between the army, old party cadres and Maoist radicals, did Chairman Mao decide to convoke the meeting.

Mao opened the congress with a short televised speech. He appeared robust and rotund despite his 75 years. The main address was delivered by his chosen successor, Defense Minister Lin Biao (see box). Hunched on a stool, the frail Lin, 61, read a thick manuscript that analyzed the results of the Cultural Revolution and set out the newest orders for the party. After Lin's address, the 1,512 delegates split up into working groups to discuss Lin's report.

The congress intends to adopt a new party constitution that, according to a draft that found its way outside China early this year, will enshrine Mao's policies as official guideposts and formally designate Lin as his heir. The congress will also legitimize the new leadership that has emerged from the crucible of the purges. Finally, the delegates will select a new Central Committee. The old committee was purged of at least two-thirds of its membership, including such leading figures as President Liu Shao-chi and Teng Hsiao-ping, the party secretary-general. With that, the congress will officially establish the ruling group that may well preside over the post-Mao succession period.

No Guests. China's masters were secretive about the congress. They even refused to disclose its exact location (it was probably held in Peking's Chung-nanhai district, an enclave reserved for high officials). In contrast to the 1958

congress, there were no foreign guests who might later tell outsiders about what happened.

Even so, the composition of the congress as announced by Chinese news media explained a great deal about the strains and tensions with which Mao must still cope. Standing with him in places of honor were loyal supporters who had gained prominence in the Cultural Revolution, such as Lin, Mao's wife Chiang Ching, and Ideologue Chen Po-ta. But there were also on the dais such longtime party faithfuls as Vice President Tung Pi-wu, Economic Planner Chen Yun, and the famed Marshals Chu Teh and Liu Po-cheng, who had all been violently denounced in the not-so-distant past as "revisionists" and "capitalist-roaders."

Army's Share. Significantly, Mao had to make room in the congress for moderates: among the 176 members of the congress's temporary presidium, the Maoist militants were actually outnumbered by more conservative men, most of them old-line party bureaucrats and relatively pragmatic military men. These moderates control the bulk of China's revolutionary committees, the new administrative units at the provincial and local level. The large number of military delegates to the congress testified to the fact that the People's Liberation Army remains the single most powerful and cohesive force in China.

If the congress presidium is elevated to Central Committee status, as is expected, the army will almost certainly

* Banner over the dais reads: The Chinese Communist Party's Ninth Plenary Session of Delegates from the Whole Country.

United. The Hawaiian High Way.



United makes Hawaii just a whoop and holler away.

Hawaii? All it takes to get there is a United Credit Card and a few hours' time.

We'll let you charge everything.

Get together with your Travel Agent. He'll not only build your trip, he'll arrange for you to get our Credit Card, too.

That's the magic card that lets you charge air fare, hotel, meals, rental car — even sight-seeing trips. And lets you pay for your vacation a little each month, if you wish.

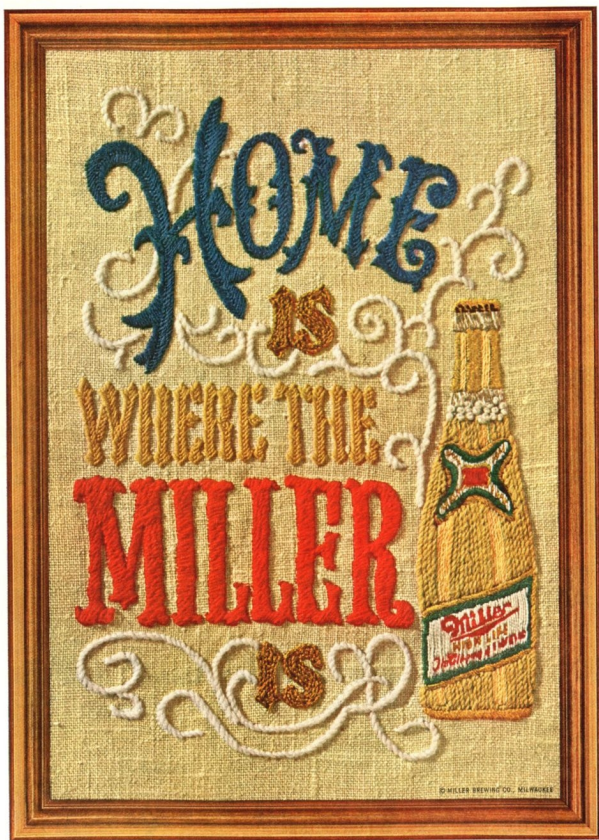
See how easy United makes Hawaii? That's why they call us the Hawaiian High Way.

Come on over with us and whoop it up.

*fly the
friendly skies
of
United.*



"Whoopee!"



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be entitled to a share of policymaking. That will add to Mao's difficulties in rebuilding the party and putting it once more, as he says, "in control of the gun." It will also create tension between military officers, who are now in positions of local authority, rehabilitated party cadres and Maoist radicals, who would like to assume command of revolutionary committees.

Shaken Respect. Mao's actions indicate that pragmatism has been forced on him for the time being—not only in the political sphere but in economics as well. Because of the damage inflicted on the economy by the Cultural Revolution, the Chinese are now being told that they must work harder, be more frugal and behave in a manner that will promote agricultural and industrial production. Even so, Mao's revolution has had deep effects on the Chinese, especially among the youth, whose respect for authority has been shaken if not totally shattered. That may make it harder for Mao to achieve a smooth transition of power to his successor.

What of the effects on the outside world? Even if Mao and his heirs manage to maintain only the present modicum of order, the effects might be considerable. A China at relative peace with itself would present both perils and promise. A stronger China would intensify Russia's anxiety about the disaffected neighbor with whom it shares



MAO & LIN BIAO AT PEKING CONGRESS
First in the book, second at the helm.

4,100 miles of partially disputed border. Communist parties the world over may experience increased Chinese efforts to gain their allegiance. A more stable China might prove to be hostile and aggressive. In that case, Asian countries would be in a quandary over whether to seek accommodations with China or to ask the U.S. for protection. But a more confident China might also prove to be more cooperative on the international scene—and that, in turn, could give the U.S. a chance to normalize relations with Peking.

RUSSIA

East Side, West Side

The Chinese Communist Party Congress had hardly convened in Peking before the Soviet Union started a harsh new propaganda drive against Mao and his followers. The Soviet denunciations widened the already huge gap between the two rival Communist powers and demonstrated the Soviets' deep fear of the erstwhile ally.

In their bluntest ideological attack yet in the 94-year-old Sino-Soviet dispute, the Russians finally gave up all pretense of trying to effect a reconciliation with their Asian comrades. They have now brusquely read them out of the international brotherhood. "The Communist Party of China is no more," wrote *Izvestia*. "The Maoist rally is actually the first congress of a new organization which has nothing in common with the Communist Party of China or with international Communism."

Fears About Security. The reason for the sudden Soviet attack lay in the maneuvering that is going on among Communist countries in preparation for the world meeting of parties now scheduled for June 5 in Moscow. The Soviets had hoped to use the occasion to formally expel the Chinese from the Communist movement. Their aim has been blocked by West and East European parties that have displayed defiance of the Soviets by refusing to go along with this plan. Now the Russians apparently have tried to sidestep the entire issue by asserting that the Maoists are no longer Communists at all and thus not an issue for debate at the world conference.

The firefights on the Sino-Soviet borders have also caused the Russians anxiety about their future security. The Soviets feel that the two recent incidents on Damansky Island in the Ussuri River may well be a small foretaste of things to follow. As *Kommunist*, the official Soviet party magazine, warned: "Mao and his associates are trying to instill in the minds of the Chinese people the possibility of armed

Mao's Heir

HE wrote the foreword to the little red book and the lyrics to the song that hails Mao as "the Great Helmsman"; he is a skillful politician and a brilliant general as well. His name is Lin Piao, Defense Minister and Deputy Premier of China. He has been chosen by Mao Tse-tung to carry on his thoughts after Mao's death. For the past two years, Lin has in fact been Mao's No. 2 man.

He has thrived on chaos all his life, and Mao's Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution provided plenty of that. Mao first singled out his comrade for the succession in 1966, largely because Lin had instilled the partially demoralized People's Liberation Army with genuine political fervor. So impressed was Mao by the reversal in the army's spirit that he made the PLA the model for the hoped-for political transformation of China over the next several years. In August 1966, at a mass rally in Peking's Tienanmen Square, Lin appeared at Mao's side in place of the relatively moderate President Liu Shao-chi. That marked the end for Liu, and the beginning for Lin. When the revolution got out of control, Mao was forced to call on Lin and the army to halt the violence.

Born in Hupei province, Lin has

the middle-class background common to many Chinese Communist leaders. The son of a small textile-mill operator, he received a fair elementary education and, choosing a military career, enrolled at Canton's Whampoa Military Academy—where his headmaster was an officer named Chiang Kai-shek. His rise was swift; he took command of an army corps at 22. Lin was a leader of the Long March of 1934-35, in which the Communist army escaped destruction in southern China at the hands of Chiang Kai-shek's Kuomintang forces by fighting its way more than 6,000 miles to the safety of the Yenan redoubts. During World War II, Lin fought against the Japanese invaders in China, later helped defeat Nationalist troops in the civil war. Supposedly, he was wounded in Korea, perhaps by a U.S. bomb. If so, the injury may help explain his poor health and frequent absences from political life for medical treatment.

Little is known of his personal life and habits. Reportedly, he has two grown children from an earlier marriage. His present wife, plump and forthright Yeh Chun, was named twelfth in the order of those attending the congress. She is the best friend of Chiang Ching, Mao's wife.

conflict between the Soviet Union and the Chinese People's Republic."

In a curious switch-about, it is now the Russians who are complaining that the Chinese are in collusion with the U.S. to "undermine the united front of the struggle against imperialism." *Kommunist* described a vast plot, speculating that Mao and the U.S. have joined forces to encircle the Soviet Union. It also warned that the Chinese are trying to create a political following of their own that "would be directed against the world Communist movement."

ABMs and Germany. The threat in the East has placed increasing pressure on Soviet leaders to seek accommodation with the West. When the new British ambassador presented his credentials in Moscow last week, Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko told him that it was time to settle outstanding differences between Britain and Russia. Presumably that attitude extends to other countries in the West as well. Priority business with the West includes Russia's effort to negotiate an ABM truce with the U.S., reach a settlement of the Viet Nam war and prevent West Germany from ever becoming a nuclear power.

Though they were upset by the U.S. decision to build Safeguard, the Soviets have carefully refrained from any direct criticism of President Nixon. Instead, they still hope that they can prevail upon him to meet within the next few months to discuss some sort of limitation on the ABMs. A much more complicated issue is the question of the Soviet attitude toward West Germany, which is the only West European state that has the economic muscle and geographic location to exert a direct influence on the East Bloc.

Election Factor. Since World War II, Russia has painted West Germany as the villain of Europe, but now some Moscow policymakers wonder if that stance serves the Soviet Union's best interests. One reason for this reconsideration is that West German elections will be held in September. As the Soviets see it, the West German leader of the 1970s will be either Foreign Minister Willy Brandt, a Socialist, or Finance Minister Franz Josef Strauss, a conservative. The Soviets reckon that a relaxed policy toward West Germany would aid Brandt's cause, while a continued hard-line stand would surely enhance the possibility that Strauss might some day elbow aside Kurt Kiesinger as Chancellor.

Though the Soviets would greatly prefer Brandt to Strauss—who they suspect will want nuclear weapons for West Germany—the Russians fear that any overtures to Bonn would enrage their most loyal allies, the East Germans and Poles. Such a departure would also ruin their rationale for having intervened in Czechoslovakia to crush an alleged West German plot to pull that country into the West's orbit. As last week's events in Czechoslovakia showed, the Soviets may need an excuse to remain there for some time.

CZECHOSLOVAKIA

The High Price of Victory

"It is a sad fact that for these events we will again have to pay a high political price. We do not hide from you the dangers." With those words, Alexander Dubček last week warned his countrymen that Czechoslovakia faced its worst crisis since the invasion by Warsaw Pact forces last August. The events that he spoke of were widespread anti-Soviet rioting. The price was extracted from the remnants of Czechoslovakia's freedoms. The dangers were that the Soviet Union's 70,000 occupation troops would storm out of their barracks and impose direct military rule on the help-land.

The Czechoslovaks lost another part of their small measure of liberty because of an outburst of joy over an athletic victory. Last weekend the whole nation tuned in on radio and television as Czechoslovakia's ice hockey team met Russia's in the international finals at Stockholm. In a bruising, hard-fought contest, the Czechoslovaks won 4 to 3; it was their second straight victory over the Soviets, and moved them into a tie with Russia and Sweden for first place. Because of the tie, the championship was decided by the total goals scored, and the title went to Russia. The technicality bothered few Czechoslovaks as they watched their team stand at attention while the measured strains of the Czechoslovak national anthem rang through the Stockholm stadium.

Ominous Visitor. Overcome by a vicarious sense of triumph, a huge and excited crowd swarmed into Prague's Wenceslas Square. A happy hockey fan carried a poster that read *BRZNEV 3, DUBČEK 4*. The crowd chanted, "We've beaten you this time!" Someone shouted, "The Russian coach will go to Siberia!" Suddenly a brick smashed through the plate-glass display window at the office of Aeroflot, the Soviet airline. A small group dashed through the opening and began heaving furniture and filing cabinets onto a bonfire in the street. To make matters worse, the dem-

onstrations were not confined to Wenceslas Square. Across the country, groups of Czechoslovaks stoned Soviet barracks and set fire to Russian military vehicles.

The Russians, who have grown increasingly impatient at the refusal of the Czechoslovak government to curb entirely its people's liberty, decided that the time had come to crack down. Deputy Foreign Minister Vladimir Semenov flew to Prague with orders to stamp out Czechoslovak defiance. A more ominous visitor was Marshal Andrei Grechko, the Soviet Defense Minister, whose presence in Prague underscored Soviet readiness to use force if necessary to keep Czechoslovakia in line. At a meeting in Prague's historic Hradčany Castle, the Soviet visitors demanded a pledge from the Czechoslovak government that there would be no recurrence of anti-Soviet outbursts. Otherwise the Soviets would use their own, all-too-familiar methods for imposing order. President Ludvík Svoboda, the gray-haired old soldier, rejected the ultimatum as an "unacceptable threat." But Dubček, the unhappy compromiser, sensed the gravity of the crisis and gave the Soviets his pledge. Said one Czechoslovak who attended the meeting: "It was a cold, tough session, with the Russians making it clear that they would not tolerate any squirming out of their demands."

More Police. Almost at once, the country felt the chill. Czechoslovakia's ruling Presidium adopted a new censorship code that banned any unfavorable reference to Russia in Czechoslovakia's press, and suspended three liberal publications. The Presidium criticized Lower Chamber President Joseph Smrkovský, a hero to students, liberals and labor, for supposedly taking part in the demonstrations. Bowing to Russian demands, the Interior Ministry announced that both secret police and uniformed patrols will be increased in every major city. Aware that any resistance might lead to a blood bath, the Czechoslovak people quietly accepted the new restrictions.



AUSTRIAN CARTOONIST'S VIEW OF RUSSIAN REACTION



AMBASSADORS YOST, BÉARD, CARADON & MALIK
Quite some leverage to apply.

MIDDLE EAST

Enter the Big Four

The Middle East has no shortage of prospective peacemakers. Special U.N. Representative Gunnar Jarring has been trying for nearly 16 months to bring about a settlement between Arabs and Israelis. There have been secret meetings in London between Israeli Foreign Minister Abba Eban and Jordan's King Hussein, who is scheduled to arrive this week in Washington. Last week representatives of the Big Four met in New York in an effort to succeed where others have failed.

U.N. Ambassadors Charles Yost of the U.S., Armand Béard of France, Yakov Malik of the Soviet Union, and Lord Caradon of Britain gathered around the polished mahogany dining table in Béard's Park Avenue flat.

The four profess to reject the concept of an imposed settlement, which is anathema to both Arabs and Israelis. Instead, the diplomats hope to draw up a list of recommendations that Jarring would then present to both sides. The four powers agree that all discussions should take place within the general context of the November 1967 Security Council resolution, which calls for the Arabs and Israelis to recognize each other's right to exist and seeks Israeli withdrawal from occupied Arab territories.

Soviet Plea. There are important differences. The Soviets support the Arab demand that Israel pull back to its pre-war borders. The U.S. contends that Israel must be allowed to keep border areas that make Israel more secure. The Soviets back the Arabs in their refusal to sign a joint peace pact with Israel. The U.S. agrees with Israel that a lasting settlement is possible only if all parties sign a single document. The Soviets, for their part, make much of Arab pride. Soviet Ambassador to the U.S. Anatoly Dobrynin reportedly said: "Remember, my government is dealing with the losers of the 1967 war, and this is much more difficult than dealing with the victors."

There is some hope of flexibility by the Soviets and the French, whose position is close to Moscow's. The Russians are anxious to head off a new outbreak of fighting because the Arabs would likely lose the new weaponry that the Soviets gave them after their last defeat. As for De Gaulle, he

lately has sounded just a shade conciliatory. "The Israelis think I am an enemy," he told President Nixon in Paris. "This is untrue. I carry their hopes for peace and security in my heart." The British, who want the Suez open again, usually back up the U.S.

Arabs and Israelis still say, for the record, that they will refuse to abide by any Big Four peace plan. But Big Four diplomats hope that both sides will finally take a more reasonable attitude. The Big Four can apply a great deal of leverage to both sides. Theoretically, at least, the Soviets could cut off military and economic aid on which the Arabs are dependent. The U.S. could do much the same to Israel.

Even though such drastic measures so far seem unlikely, the Big Four would accomplish a lot if they achieved unity among themselves. But the results of last week's proceeding in the Security Council were hardly encouraging. As they have done for months, Russia and France both voted to condemn Israel for an airstrike on Jordan while taking no note whatsoever of the raids from Jordan that provoked the Israeli retaliation. The U.S. and Britain? They abstained.

PERU

Heading for a Showdown

What were those Seabees doing last week bricking over windows in the U.S. embassy in Lima? Repairing earthquake damage was the official reply. Earthquakes? Lima has not suffered a serious shake in 30 months. Actually, the Seabees were preparing for a possible upheaval of a far different sort. In the past few months, relations between the U.S. and Peru have been disintegrating so rapidly that American diplomats fear that the embassy may become a target for mob violence.

Time is pressing. Unless there is a last-minute compromise, or a U.S. decision to delay, Washington this week will be forced to end all aid to Peru as well as sugar purchases at preferential prices. The political consequences of such action are cloudy, but the economic effects are clear. Peru would lose at least \$50 million a year in U.S. trade and aid.

The conflict between Peru and the U.S. revolves around a Standard Oil of New Jersey subsidiary, the International Petroleum Co., which has been

pumping oil out of Peruvian soil since 1924. Last October, only six days after they had overthrown President Fernando Belaúnde, Peru's new military masters seized IPC's property. Under the 1962 Hickenlooper Amendment, the U.S. is obliged to halt foreign aid and preferential-trade deals with any country that expropriates American property without making adequate compensation. Under Hickenlooper, the cutoff must take place six months after the seizure unless "meaningful" negotiations are in progress toward a settlement.

For his part, General Juan Velasco Alvarado, the leader of the Peruvian junta, professes that he cannot comprehend why the U.S. is so upset. The seizure was legal under Peruvian law, he explains. Furthermore, according to the junta's charge, IPC still owes some \$690 million for oil it "illegally" extracted. To the junta's way of thinking, it is Peru that should be angry. The U.S., says General Velasco, "is a just country. I cannot believe that the amendment will be applied."

Presidential Emissary. Last month, as the deadline drew near, President Nixon sent to Lima a personal emissary, Wall Street Lawyer John N. Irwin, who previously helped negotiate new Panama Canal treaties. At week's end, after a number of fruitless sessions with the junta, Irwin flew back to the U.S. for consultations before returning to Lima. "I am not optimistic," he said in Washington, "but I refuse to be pessimistic until we have completed our conversations."

The Nixon Administration would like to prevent a crisis by finding a way to avoid invoking the amendment. It has managed to extend the deadline for ending aid by five days. General Velasco could release the U.S. from its duty by agreeing to a negotiated settlement, but he can hardly back down under U.S. pressure without destroying his own rep-



JUNTA LEADER VELASCO
A true disbeliever.

utation. It was largely because President Beláunde had failed to crack down on IPC, and thus defy the U.S., that Velasco was able to whip up popular support for his military takeover. The support continues, as far as Velasco's expropriation of IPC is concerned. But many Peruvians are finally realizing that the U.S. is also serious, and they have become concerned about the economic consequences of U.S. action. As a result, Velasco could very well find his position seriously weakened.

BRAZIL

No Cheers for the Heroes

When the Brazilian army ousted leftist President João Goulart and rescued the country from the edge of chaos in 1964, joyful crowds danced in the streets of Rio de Janeiro and hailed the sol-

nor bent on building up personal fortunes. Nonetheless, they have imposed on Brazil a strict rule that recently has grown more repressive. At present, congress is "in recess," unions are forbidden to strike, and virtually all leading politicians are banned from participation in public life. The press and television are closely supervised. Dozens of Brazilians are in jail on unspecified political charges. Costa e Silva recently broadened the list of offenses punishable by jail sentences to include even talking or writing in terms that have a hidden meaning—an attempt to halt the double-entendres that Brazilian politicians, journalists and the people at large delight in using to ridicule military men. The atmosphere of intimidation is so great that only the Catholic Church dares to speak out in public. In a recent protest, the bishops denounced the

"violation of fundamental rights" and called for a return to democratic rule.

Such heavy-handed government actions cancel out the satisfactions that Brazilians might otherwise feel about the country's remarkable economic revival. Though problems of poverty and illiteracy still abound, the army-backed government has succeeded in containing Brazil's worst economic enemy, inflation, which previously ate up wages before they could be spent. Now, tough monetary policies have cut the inflationary rate from 87% in 1964 to an almost bearable 24% last year, and the situation continues to improve. As a result of returning business confidence and pump-priming government programs, thousands of new jobs are being created by a thriving construction industry, new shipyards, and auto

plants that this year will turn out 450,000 cars and trucks.

Mutual Antagonism. Army engineers are laying new highways—well posted with signs saying "The Army Builds"—that are opening up previously inaccessible farmlands. The country's agriculture, long overly dependent on coffee, is being diversified with other crops. Brazil's impoverished Northeast is receiving record amounts of government aid and private investment.

In a way, Brazil's economic growth has only increased the present mutual antagonism of civilians and the military. The stability has strengthened the conviction of many army men that they alone know how to run the country and that the people should follow their lead without complaint. Yet, as the country grows economically healthier, many Brazilians, notably the students and intelligentsia, see less and less excuse for the soldiers to remain in power.

CANADA

Decision on NATO

Canadians and Americans have traditionally taken each other for granted. If frictions have developed, they have rarely seemed significant. In no area has North American unity seemed more certain than in matters concerning mutual security. Thus last week, on the eve of NATO's 20th anniversary, it came as a shock to most Americans when Canada's Prime Minister Pierre Elliott Trudeau announced that Ottawa will "take early steps to bring about a planned and phased reduction" of the number of Canadian troops on duty in Europe. Though Trudeau did not say so, the new policy contemplates a complete withdrawal of Canadian forces from Europe by 1975. After that, Canada will remain a NATO member but will not station forces permanently abroad.

Though so extensive a pullback was not expected, the fact that Canada was taking an entirely fresh look at the Atlantic alliance was no secret. Trudeau, who tends to govern his country almost as if he were conducting a leisurely seminar, has devoted his first year in office more to tossing problems to task forces for study than to providing any new directions for Canadian policies. None of Trudeau's task-force assignments have provoked livelier discussion at home, or greater misgivings abroad, than his question whether the time had come to bring home the troops.

Exercise of Independence. Trudeau's decision does not mean that he plans a retreat to Fortress Canada. Rather it reflects Canada's uncertainty over how it may contribute to collective security while retaining a capacity for independence in the shadow of the U.S. Trudeau is determined to exercise that independence, though he is well aware of its limitations. "Obviously," he recently remarked, "we couldn't under any circumstances have a foreign policy that was completely contrary to the interests of the United States. I just don't think they would allow it."

By leaving vague the details and intentions of his policy, Trudeau infuriated many Canadians. For the socialist New Democrats, who favor an immediate pullout, Deputy Leader David Lewis denounced the decision as "meaningless, imprecise, nothing short of scandalous." Conservative Leader Robert Stanfield complained that Canada was failing to live up to the defense obligations that it helped shape as a founding member of NATO. The NATO allies are also certain to be disappointed. Canada's six squadrons of CF-104 Starfighters and the 5,000-man armored brigade in West Germany have been a valuable part of the NATO shield. Still, the main blow in the U.S. and Western Europe is psychological; though no one doubts that Canada remains attached to collective security, its departure from Europe may encourage others to weaken their NATO commitments.



COSTA E SILVA AT CELEBRATIONS IN BRASÍLIA
Soldiers know best.

diers as their heroes. Last week, as Brazil marked the fifth anniversary of the army's revolution, the only celebrations were those staged by the military, and the only praise came from the generals themselves.

Close Supervision. Even that praise was well measured. Aware of his government's unpopularity, Marshal turned President Arthur da Costa e Silva divided his lengthy televised anniversary address to the nation into four one-hour installments that were shown on successive evenings. Purpose: to avoid annoying the viewing public by interfering with their favorite evening soap operas. The presidential prudence reflected the reality that though military rule has brought unprecedented growth and prosperity, the mood of Latin America's most populous country is one of resentment and unease.

Unlike old-style Latin American dictators, Brazil's rulers are neither brutal



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GHANA

Reformer Removed

Ghana's first President, Kwame Nkrumah, was a master of using his office for personal benefit. In six years of increasingly ruinous rule, the self-proclaimed "Redeemer" of Ghana managed to squander his way through the country's entire treasury of \$560 million and run up another \$1 billion in foreign debts. He built vast and useless public monuments as well as an overpowering presidential palace. To take care of odds and ends, he also accepted bribes in return for government favors.

Nkrumah's spending and bribe taking led in 1966 to his overthrow by the military leaders. Lieut. General Joseph Ankrah became Ghana's new head of state, dedicated to reform. Ankrah and his followers pledged that they would "stamp out corruption" and their upright regime seemed to be doing just that. But last week Ankrah was also forced out of office. Reason: he took a bribe.

According to a government statement, Ankrah received nearly \$30,000 from foreign businessmen in Accra. As the official version put it, when Ankrah was confronted with the evidence by government officials, "he accepted full responsibility for the unfortunate incident and offered to resign honorably." By West African standards, Ankrah had always been a model of honesty; for that reason, despite his admitted indiscretion, he will probably not be punished.

Ghana's new ruler is Brigadier Akwasi A. Afrifa, 33, who has served as Finance Minister. Like Ankrah, Afrifa is a Sandhurst-trained career officer who also held a command in Ghana's U.N. expeditionary force to the Congo. Under Afrifa's management, Ghana has been living frugally on an austerity budget. That is also Afrifa's personal style: he lives in a modest bungalow and drives a small station wagon.

There was something besides the bribe behind Ankrah's sudden departure. Ghana is scheduled to hold national elections in September and return to civilian rule. Politically ambitious, Ankrah needed the money to pay for a survey that assessed his chances of winning the presidency. There may also have been tribal jealousies involved. Ankrah is a member of the Ga tribe, dominant around the capital, and Afrifa belongs to the Ashantis. Furthermore, Afrifa is a supporter of a fellow Ashanti, former Opposition Leader Kofi Abrefa Busia, who is a candidate for the presidency.

THE WAR

An Improvement in The Air

When U.S. infantrymen or their South Vietnamese allies need fast air support these days, the planes that scramble to help them may well carry red, gold, blue and white markings rather than the simple blue and white of the U.S. Air Force. The planes are those of the Viet Nam Air Force, and the results are usually similar whichever



THUNDER SQUADRON PILOT WITH A-37
Jets may be a novelty, but combat is not.

service answers the alarm. The Viet Nam air force, as well as the MIG-equipped North Vietnamese air arm, grew out of a nine-pilot unit that the French organized in 1951. After the 1954 Geneva agreements split the country, some of the pilots joined the South and the V.N.A.F. was established.

Power at a Price. The V.N.A.F. has developed into an organization of 1,000 pilots, 15,000 other officers and men and 400 planes. In its latest upgrading, the V.N.A.F. is turning in propeller-driven A-1 Skyraiders for twin-engine A-37 jet attack planes. The 524th, or Thien-Loi (Thunder) Squadron recently went operational in A-37s at Nha Trang airbase, and two more squadrons of the jets will be flying by year's end.

The air force mission is to provide close air support for ground troops and handle the logistical needs of the South Vietnamese army. Like the army, the air force is now being equipped and trained by the U.S. to operate eventually on its own. Toward that goal the V.N.A.F. has been given about 100 helicopters, with three times that many still to come. C-47 cargo planes are being supplemented by bigger C-119s. One fighter squadron is already flying supersonic F-5 jets.

Though Vietnamese pilots could learn to fly any plane, the U.S. for now is equipping the V.N.A.F. with less sophisticated models. The A-37 is designed for counter-insurgency fighting; it maneuvers neatly with a sizable bomb load and can linger longer over targets than bigger fighter-bombers. It can reach a target more rapidly than the old A-1. "This is the aircraft we need," says Captain Pham Van Pham of the 524th.

Jets may be a novelty to most Vietnamese pilots, but combat is not. U.S. flyers usually spend a year in Viet Nam, then go home. The Vietnamese airmen have been fighting many years for a frac-

tion of the pay (\$80 a month for a first lieutenant v. about \$1,000 for his American counterpart). Major Nguyen Va Le, commander of the V.N.A.F.'s 518th Squadron, knows he has flown at least 2,000 combat missions but adds, "I lost track after I reached 2,000." Colonel Nguyen Huy Anh has flown for so long that he is wise to the cruel tricks of the Viet Cong. One of them is to force peasants into a clearing and make them hold up signs proclaiming their allegiance to the Viet Cong. "The V.C. want the peasants to die," explains Anh, "so they can say that we killed them. But we fool the V.C. We know V.C. hide in the bushes, so we fire into the bushes and not at the peasants in the field."

Lafayette East. Until three years ago, the V.N.A.F. was a kind of Asian Lafayette Escadrille. The pilots came from good families, had their pick of Vietnamese girls to date, were topped up by then Commander Nguyen Cao Ky in natty black flying suits, black boots and sunglasses. But they had scant discipline and seldom bothered about flight conditions or briefings on enemy preparedness. In those days, some pilots refused to fly at any altitude except 9,000 feet because nine is the Buddhist lucky number.

The arrival of U.S. advisers and the appointment of Major General Tran Van Minh to succeed Ky as commander have changed some of that. The Americans have taught aircraft care and flight safety. Minh, who works at a nine-phone desk but writes poetry in off-hours, wants his pilots to continue their sociability, "especially with the ladies," but to be disciplined when airborne. The improvement has raised the limited hope that some day, when the fighting is finally scaled down, the South Vietnamese will be able to carry their own in the air as well as on the ground.

TOWARD A SELF-RENEWING SOCIETY

The U.S. is torn by radical demands for total change, on the one hand, and by fear of any sort of change, on the other. How can the U.S. reform its society without going to either extreme? No one has yet produced a completely satisfactory answer. But no one has tried harder than John W. Gardner, former Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare, now chairman of the Urban Coalition. In delivering the annual Godkin Lectures at Harvard, Gardner made an eloquent plea for constructive change in American institutions. Excerpts:

It is hard to view events on the domestic scene today without feeling that these are dark days for the nation. But it may be that we were in greater peril when we were less worried, when all the present evils were layered over by our national smugness. We may even be on the mend. But our salvation will never be handed to us. If we are lucky, we will be given the chance to earn it. Unfortunately, we are enormously clever at avoiding self-examination.

Instant Antiquity

The crises of the urban environment suggest the depth and complexity of issues in the management of our society. Why have we had such difficulty, steadily mounting difficulty, in getting at these problems? One might blame our apathy, or our unwillingness to spend, or our resistance to change. But something else is wrong, something central, something crucial. Our society, as it is now functioning, is not an adequate problem-solving mechanism. The machinery of the society is not working in a fashion that

will permit us to solve any of our problems effectively. Each reformer comes to his task with a little bundle of desired changes. The implication is that if appropriate reforms are carried through and the defects corrected, the society will be wholly satisfactory and the work of the reformer done. That is a primitive way of viewing social change. The true task is to design a society (and institutions) capable of continuous change, renewal and responsiveness. We can less and less afford to limit ourselves to routine repair of breakdowns in our institutions. Unless we are willing to see a final confrontation between institutions that refuse to change and critics bent on destruction, we had better get on with the business of redesigning our society. We must dispose of the notion that social change is a process that alters a tranquil *status quo*. Today there is no tranquility to alter. The rush of change brings a kind of instant antiquity.

The departments of the Federal Government are in grave need of renewal. State government in most places is a 19th century relic; in most cities, municipal government is a waxworks of stiffly preserved anachronisms. The courts are crippled by archaic organizational arrangements; the unions, the professions, the universities, the corporations, each has spun its own impenetrable web of vested interests.

That human institutions require periodic redesign (if only because of their tendency to decay) is not a minor fact about them. How curious it is, then, that in all of history no people has seriously attempted to take into account the aging of institutions and to provide for their

continuous renewal. Why shouldn't we be the first to do so?

A society capable of continuous renewal would be characterized first of all by pluralism—by variety, alternatives, choices and multiple focuses of power and initiative. We have just such pluralism in this society. But the logic of modern large-scale organization, governmental or corporate, tends to squeeze out pluralism and to move us toward one comprehensively articulated system of power. If that trend proceeds unchecked in the public sphere, there will soon (say, in 25 years) be no such thing as state, county and city government. There will be one all-encompassing governmental system.

As the trend proceeds in the private sphere, corporations merge, small colleges and small businesses find survival increasingly difficult. I find myself treasuring every remaining bit of pluralism, everything that stands between us and an all-embracing system. When I hear young people recommending the abolition of private enterprise, I question whether they have weighed the consequences. It may not have occurred to them that socialism or any other alternative to private enterprise would certainly mean the shouldering by Government of huge new burdens. Our giant corporations would not disappear. They would simply be merged into unimaginably vast Government ministries. And bureaucracy would conquer all.

The society capable of continuous renewal will be one that develops to the fullest its human resources, that removes obstacles to individual fulfillment, that emphasizes education, lifelong learning and self-discovery.

We are still far from having created such a system. To bring full justice and equality to black people is the historic assignment of this generation. The problems will be resolved not by violence or hatred or bitterness or police suppression, but only by patient, determined efforts on the part of the great, politically moderate majority of whites and blacks.

The Beehive Model

We have in the tradition of this nation a well-tested framework of values. Our problem is not to find better values, but rather to be faithful to those we profess—and to make those values live in our institutions, which we have yet to do. If we believe in individual dignity and responsibility, for example, we must do the necessary, sometimes expensive, often complicated things that will make it possible for each person to have a decent job if he wants one.

More than anything else, the contemporary demoralization stems from a breakdown in the relationship of the individual to society. It is widely assumed that the condition applies only to hippies, college radicals, artists and intellectuals. But it may also be found in some degree throughout the population. On the one hand, men have never had more control than they have in this country today; on the other, we complain that we can't control our own fate.

One of the problems is that the end toward which all modern societies, whatever their ideology, seem to be moving is the beehive model, in which the total system per-



JOHN W. GARDNER

fects itself as the individual is steadily dwarfed. All modern societies, capitalist or Communist, are moving toward ever larger and more inclusive systems of organization, toward ever greater dominance of the system's purposes over individual purposes.

Contemporary critics often appear to believe that the smothering of individuality is a consequence of intentional decisions by people at the top. Right-wingers blame Government leaders, left-wingers blame corporate leaders. But the modern leader is always in some measure caught in the system. To a considerable degree, the system determines how and when he will exercise power. The queen bee is as much a prisoner of the system as is any other in the hive.

Is there any way to avoid the beehive model? Perhaps. We must ask the individual to accept certain kinds of responsibility, and we must create the institutional framework in which individual responsibility is feasible. Traditionally, we have spent enormous energy exhorting the individual to act responsibly, and very little energy designing the kind of society in which he can act responsibly.

A Chance for Service

The loss of a sense of community is particularly serious. In some ways modern society binds the individual too tightly, but in other ways it holds him too loosely—and the latter causes as much pain as the former. He feels constrained by the conformity required in a highly organized society, but he also feels lost and without moorings. And both feelings may be traced to the same cause: the disappearance of the natural human community and its replacement by formula controls that irk and give no sense of security.

When people, for whatever reason—oppression or laziness or complacency—take no part in their institutions, the institutions themselves decay at an accelerating rate. But it is not essential that everyone participate. As a matter of fact, if everyone suddenly did, the society would fly apart. Participation should simply be an available option.

Can action on the part of the individual at the grass roots ever really be effective? It all depends on how we design our society. We must, for example, undertake a drastic overhaul of local government.

All large-scale organization tends to smother individuality. But today's young person doesn't give due weight to the fact that large-scale organization, properly designed, can also benefit the individual, enrich his life, increase his choices. Everyone lampoons modern technological society, but no one is prepared to give up his refrigerator. Everyone condemns bigness, but there is no movement of population toward the unspoiled, lonely places of the continent. We must identify those features of modern organization that strengthen the individual and those that diminish him. Given such analysis, we can design institutions that would strengthen and nourish each person. In short, we can build a society to man's measure, if we have the will.

Such a society will not just serve the individual but give him an opportunity to serve. When people are serving, life is no longer meaningless; they no longer feel rootless. Without allegiance and commitment, individual freedom degenerates into a sterile self-preoccupation.

Just as modern man obsessively breaks up the forms and patterns of life and then finds himself nervous and afraid in a formless world, so, in the name of freedom, he compulsively dissolves the limits on behavior and then finds himself unhappy in a world without limits. He sweeps aside rules, manners, formalities and standards of taste, anything that even slightly inhibits the free play of emotion and impulse. Yet not only the claims of civility but also the realities of individual development call for some measure of self-discipline. We have explored about as fully as a civilization can the joys of impulse, of a world without forms, order or limits. A balance must be struck.

For a variety of reasons, we have seen increasingly widespread hostility to institutions—any and all institutions, here and around the world. The standard phrase concerning social disorders is "It's only a small group that's involved." But that is a misleading assertion. Beyond the fractious few, beyond even the considerable group of sympathizers, is the larger number of people who have no fixed views but are running a chronic low fever of antagonism toward their institutions, their fellow men and life in general. They provide the climate in which disorder spreads. In that climate, unfortunately, our honored tradition of dissent has undergone an unprecedented debasement.

Among the dissenters today we hear a few with a special message. They say: "We don't need reform, we need revolution. The whole system is rotten and should be destroyed." I have talked long and seriously with such people and have found that most of them don't really mean it. There is an awesome theatricality about today's radicalism. But some, of course, do mean it. They have fallen victim to an old and naive doctrine—that man is naturally good, humane, decent, just and honorable, but that corrupt and wicked institutions have transformed the noble savage into a civilized monster. Destroy the corrupt institutions, they say, and man's native goodness will flower. There isn't anything in history or anthropology to confirm the thesis, but it survives down the generations.

The responsible critic comes to understand the complex machinery by which change must be accomplished, finds the key points of leverage, identifies feasible alternatives, and measures his work by real results. The irresponsible critic never exposes himself to the tough tests of reality. He doesn't subject his view of the world to the cleansing discipline of historical perspective or contemporary relevance. He defines the problem to suit himself. He can spin fantasies of what might be, without the heartbreaking, backbreaking work of building social change into resistant human institutions. Out of such self-indulgent and fearless radicalism come few victories.

A Relevant Call

The chief means by which citizens make their influence felt must continue to be the long-tested, well-established procedures of a free society: the ballot, the lawsuit, the strike, the petition and so on. One hears a special justification for the recent ghetto riots. The riots were necessary, it is argued, to produce fear in the power structure and thereby to get action on the social front. It is true that the riots provoked fear, but there were a lot of consequences besides constructive social action. The riots led many Congressmen and citizens to resist further federal programs for the cities. The riots also strengthened every right-wing extremist group in the country.

I do not blame the ghetto residents for being angry, but they must not let their anger lead them into self-destructive moves. They must seek—as the college activist must seek, as we all must seek—a world in which man's destructive impulses are brought within a framework of law and rationality. Anyone who unleashes man's destructive impulses had better stand a long way back. The anarchist paves the way for the authoritarian. The serious citizen will have to learn a simple truth: one must act forcefully to combat injustice, and at the same time one must oppose disorder and violence.

The years immediately ahead will test this nation as seriously as any we have known in our history. We have plenty of debaters, blamers, provocateurs. We don't have plenty of problem-solvers. A relevant call to action would address itself to that complacent lump of Americans who fatten on the yield of this society but never bestir themselves to solve its problems, to powerful men who rest complacently with outworn institutions, and to Americans still uncommitted to the values we profess to cherish as a people.

PEOPLE

The confrontation between CBS censors and the **Smothers Brothers** was bound to reach the showdown stage, especially after Tommy Smothers proclaimed that he and Brother Dick were not about to mend their ways. They refused to cut out such things as an anti-war song by Pete Seeger and an off-color Romeo and Juliet skit. "We feel it's important," said Tommy, "to stay and continue to push for new standards of broadcast content." That same week, CBS-TV President Robert Wood wired the brothers: "You are not free to use the show as a device to 'push for new standards.'" The response, CBS claimed, was a refusal to provide tapes of new shows in time to meet contractual deadlines. As a result, CBS announced the termination of the show this month, at the end of its third season. The CBS charges, retorted Tommy, were all "manufactured," and so was the rationale for the cancellation. "They waited until just now so it would be impossible for us to get on another network next year because their programs are already filled."

During his year in Viet Nam, he compiled a solid record as a loadmaster aboard C-123 transports, and even won a Distinguished Flying Cross for his competence under fire. Now, with only about 10 days left of his active-duty tour as an Airman First Class, **Patrick Nugent** landed in Austin, Texas, to an enthusiastic greeting from Wife Luci and about 100 friends and relatives, including **Lyndon Baines Johnson**. "Marvelous, marvelous, marvelous," the proud father-in-law repeated, and occasionally prompted Grandson Lyn, almost 2, into a snappy salute. Said Lynda Bird: "I'm just so glad we have one of our boys home." Her boy, Marine Major Charles Robb, is due back late this month.

What a way for a U.S. Senator to treat his family. For one week, all that Michigan Democrat **Philip Hart** gave his wife to feed the two of them and four of their children was \$33.86. Skinflint? Not at all. The Harts were simply learning what it is like to be a family receiving an Aid to Families with Dependent Children allowance (about 25¢ per person per meal). Mrs. Hart discovered that the family fare ran heavily to beans, cheap vegetables and bread, with an occasional tough old rooster for the stew pot. "I can see how people would just take the entire amount," said she, "and buy a bottle and blot the whole thing out."

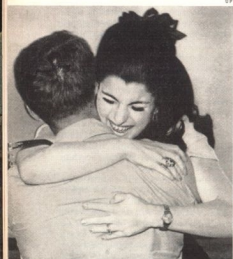
Astronauts have never been known to send their compliments to the chef who dreams up the dehydrated and otherwise denaturalized chow that they take along in space. So it came as quite a surprise last Christmas Day when Apollo 8's **Jim Lovell** suddenly began radioing lavish thanks for his dinner. It was all a private joke, Command Pilot Frank Borman explained last week. What Lovell was giving thanks for were three 1-oz. bottles of brandy that had been smuggled aboard for the boys. Sad to say, Borman vetoed the libation, and it was locked up for the duration of the flight.

The costume was a dilly: blonde, page-boy-style wig, black satin sheath slit up the right thigh, six loops of pearls on each arm, and a 15-ft.-long feather boa draped around the neck. But it fitted the role: a U.S. espionage agent with a

homosexual bent, assigned to seduce a top Russian spy with similar leanings. Neither costume nor role, however, seemed to fit **George Sanders**, 62, filming his 84th movie, *The Kremlin Letter*, on location in Rome. "I feel rather silly," Sanders admitted, "but acting queer seems to be the trend these days, so why fight it?" Besides, he added, "I have remarkable legs and I want to show them."

He may be the President's brother, but more than nepotism got **Edward Nixon**, 38, his job. Named chairman of the Federal Field Committee for Development Planning in Alaska, he brings sound credentials to the \$30,000-a-year post: a bachelor's degree in geology from Duke University, a master's degree in geological engineering from North Carolina State College, a commission as a lieutenant commander in the Naval Reserve, and experience as a helicopter pilot to boot. Perhaps most important of all, he shares his big brother's deliberateness and caution. "I don't want to comment yet on what may be accomplished," said Chairman-to-be Nixon, "until I see firsthand what has been done already."

Jackie Onassis is running into a little competition these days as the hat fancier in the family. The Onassis yacht **Christina** had no sooner docked in Nassau last week when young **John Kennedy** came bouncing ashore for a little Bay Street browsing, all decked out in a natty straw snap brim resplendent with a puffy pompon and a plaid headband. And Jackie? She made the scene with a peasant-style scarf around her head and set off for a reunion and some shopping with another visitor, Rose Kennedy. Those who saw them thought Jackie looked as svelte as ever, thereby putting a damper, as *Women's Wear Daily* reported, "to all those rumors about her being pregnant."



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We've watched what happens at our winery. Time after time. We offer a man a glass, and within three sips he's gone from cool, arm's-length acquaintanceship to such fierce partisanship that he ends up arguing the case with us. For our own wine!

"You mean to tell me you made this one right here in New York State? This one? Really? Then whatever did you do to it to make a red this vigorous? This rounded? This dry?"

So we tell him. Beginning at the beginning, with the introduction of the Baco Noir grape to our shaly, Finger Lakes' soil.

We describe the way this grape at once belied its French origins, first by taking over our acres as though it had been born to them. Then by going on to produce a fruit that matched the vigor of its taste to the vigorous mating of our soil and its vine.

We explain, pridefully, how we protected that taste by reviving the old, slow European methods. Letting the grapes ferment naturally on the skins. Then nudging out just the first pressing. At just the right time.

At this point, typically, he will listen no further. "Oh," he'll say, with all the arrogance of a discoverer. "So it's the Baco Noir grape that does it? Well then, might I trouble you for a bit more of my Baco Noir?"

Once he's adopted it, this man's next great pleasure comes when he introduces his friends to his wine. And since this wine is still so new on the market, he (and you) can generally have the pleasure of performing this introduction for the very first time.

You may also have this pleasure with the three other unusual table wines in our new Americana Collection: Aurora (an exceptionally light and mellow Sauterne), Dutchess (a refreshingly brisk Rhine wine) and Chelois (a dry red with a taste as deep as a Bordeaux, yet very much its own).

From the Great Western Americana collection.



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If doing what you like is your cup of tea, welcome. We'll give you a free hand and a multitude of choices.

When you want to leave the shops and shapes of a towering metropolis behind, tranquillity is just minutes away. And when a quiet campsite or lonely stretch of white sand appeals, our uncrowded superhighways will lead you there. Offering a healthy portion of history, culture and colour along the way.

We've written a big, full-colour book about Ontario. And we'd like to send you a free copy. Then, when you come and find our strictest rule is that you have a good time and come again soon, you do as you're told, you hear?

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ONTARIO
Friendly, Familiar, Foreign & Near

A photograph showing a view of the Toronto skyline, including the CN Tower and the Ontario Legislative Building, framed by the trunks of two large trees in the foreground. A body of water is visible between the trees and the city.

**PLEASE WALK
ON THE *GRASS***

J. EDWARD BAILEY

THE LAW

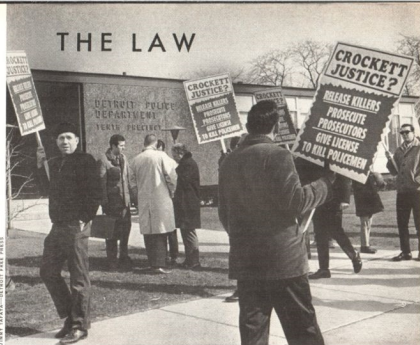
JUDGE CROCKETT

JUDGES

Fallout from a Shootout

"We got guys with rifles out here. Help, help." Patrolman Richard Worobec's desperate plea relayed over Detroit's police radio net brought 50 officers to his aid within minutes. But for Worobec's partner, Michael Czapski, it was too late. He lay dying in the street, his body punctured by seven bullets; Worobec himself was seriously wounded. Convinced that some of the shots had come from the nearby New Bethel Baptist Church, the police charged through the doors, firing as they entered. Inside were more than 150 men, women and children attending a meeting of a local black militant group. Before the police fusillade ended, four men were wounded, and all the adults were rounded up and taken to headquarters.

In racially tense Detroit, the incident might well have flared into a riot. Instead—at least so far—it has turned into a bitter debate over the conduct of Negro Judge George Crockett, 59, of the city's Recorder's Court. Wakened at 5 a.m. by the news of the mass arrests, Crockett hustled to police headquarters while the prisoners were still being processed. He moved into a small unused office, set up a makeshift courtroom, began reviewing each case. He ordered that 16 of the prisoners be let out on \$100 bail and 22 be held, before Wayne County Prosecutor William Cahalan arrived to protest the releases. Cahalan insisted that police needed more time to run the paraffin tests that could determine whether any of the 142 suspects had recently fired a gun. Judge Crockett said the tests were being administered unconstitutionally because no lawyers for the suspects were present. He also obviously felt that the indiscriminate mass arrests violated constitutional rights. But



OFF-DUTY POLICE PICKETING COURT

Roar of protest, practiced ear.

after heated arguments, he suspended the hearings.

By the time of more formal proceedings later in the day, the police had finished their investigations—and Cahalan's office asked that all but twelve of the prisoners be released. Although most of the twelve had shown a positive result in the paraffin tests, Crockett held only two, one charged with possession of a tear-gas device, the other with assault with intent to kill. Neither was charged with shooting the two officers. There was also another aspect of the case. Crockett had told Cahalan to appear personally in court, and Cahalan had not. "It is my considered opinion," said the judge, "that the prosecutor is in contempt of court. An affront to the court is always a serious matter, and this is a personal affront. I am persuaded it has racial overtones."

No Vicarious Pleasure. Much of the press and public it appeared that Crockett had precipitously ordered wholesale releases and then gone out of his way to slap down the prosecutor. To Crockett, the angry protests were no surprise; he is not a stranger to controversy. A 1934 graduate of the University of Michigan Law School, he first caught the public eye when his free-wheeling tactics as a defense attorney in the 1949 trial of eleven Communists earned him a four-month jail sentence for contempt of court. He continued to be active in civil libertarian causes, and was called an "enemy collaborator" by right-wing pamphleteers when he ran for his judgeship in 1966. All through his judicial career, though, he has enjoyed great popularity among Detroit's Negroes—and even among a few of the city's whites.

Crockett's approach has put him in direct conflict with Prosecutor Cahalan before. During the 1967 race riot in De-

troit, Cahalan recommended prohibitively high bail for everyone whom the police arrested. Crockett was the only judge who ignored him, a course that experts now agree was the proper one, from both a legal and sociological point of view.

Policing the Police. Just six weeks ago, the judge defied convention again by suspending the sentence of a three-time loser. The man admitted to doing an armed robbery, but he had apparently been beaten by the police after his capture. Crockett decided to teach the police a lesson and said so. "I think the only thing we can do to bring a stop to that is to prevent the police at least from getting whatever vicarious pleasure there is out of beating up a person and then seeing the person being sentenced. So it's my position that I can take into consideration in imposing sentence what the police did to the man after he was arrested."

For their part, the police make no effort to hide their opinion of the judge. More than 250 off-duty cops and their wives picketed the courthouse last week to protest his actions in freeing the shooting suspects. In response, 100 Negro college students circled police headquarters next door in support of Crockett. At a press conference later in the week, the judge sought to clarify the events. He pointed out that "the vast majority of those released, approximately 130 persons, were released with the prosecutor's concurrence." He also announced that he had decided against pressing the contempt-of-court charge against Cahalan. Nonetheless, the debate continued. Crockett does not come up for re-election until 1972, but the state senate asked for an investigation of him.

Lost in the emotional side-taking is the basic and provocative question that Crockett's rulings have raised: What are



"I'm 14 years old and I can legally drive through this country from border to border."

The trouble with the 14-year-old is that he's half man, half boy.

One minute he's a sober, sensible adult, next he's a defiant, irresponsible child.

A child who'll do things in a car that can send chills down your spine.

Things that can turn him into a killer.

In fact, too many already are. Young people get into more crack-ups than any other age group.

Yet in the face of this murderous evidence some states still license 14-year-olds. And a lot that don't license them will let them drive through.

So many, in fact, that you never know where you'll run into one. Or when one will run into you.

But for once, time is on our side. Time changes boys into men. Only they'll never make it if we let them drive too soon.

What age isn't too soon? We don't know. Let the states get together and figure that out.

But we do know it isn't too soon to write your local legislator. And demand that he give kids a chance to grow up.

Not everyone should drive.



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the limits on a judge's duty to check the police? Crockett thinks that if judges—particularly black judges—are not especially vigilant, no one will be. The chief justice of the Michigan Supreme Court has already stated that he does not agree. "What we do in the courts ought not to be directed to the changing of police practices," he said a few weeks ago. "At least we should not let the prisoner go as a means of punishing the police."

Despite the opposition, Crockett is hardly likely to change his ways. Even as the police picketed outside his court, the undaunted judge was at work on the bench dismissing a concealed-weapon charge on the ground that the general police practice of stop and frisk was unconstitutional.

CONSTITUTIONAL LAW

Objection Sustained

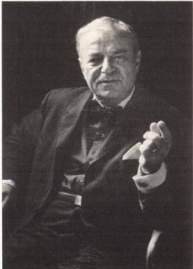
The draft law currently limits the combat-exempt status of a conscientious objector to one "who, by reason of religious training and belief, is conscientiously opposed to participation in war in any form." Virtually all draft boards have interpreted those words to mean that 1) a draftee's opposition cannot be the product of a merely personal moral code, and 2) his opposition must be directed against all wars, not one specific conflict like Viet Nam. Last week both of those assumptions were declared unconstitutional by Charles Edward Wyzanski, chief judge of the U.S. District Court for Massachusetts.

The ruling set aside the conviction of John Sisson Jr., a Harvard graduate who had never even applied for a C.O. classification because he is "not formally religious," and his objection to being drafted was solely related to the Viet Nam war. Drawing from sources as varied as Learned Hand and Alfred North Whitehead, Judge Wyzanski began his legal analysis with the broad contention that the First Amendment right to free exercise of religion means "that no statute can require combat service of a conscientious objector whose principles are either religious or akin thereto."

Sincere and Insincere. But he made a point of adding that the right is not absolute. "The most sincere religious believer may be validly punished even if in strict pursuance of his creed or principles, he fanatically assassinates an opponent or practices polygamy." In other words, an individual's religious freedom must be balanced against the competing interest of the state. In the Sisson case, the judge found the balance tipped by "the magnitude of Sisson's interest in not killing in the Viet Nam conflict as against the want of magnitude in the country's present need for him to be so employed." Said Wyzanski: "When the state through its laws seeks to override reasonable moral commitments, it makes a dangerously uncharacteristic choice. The law grows from the deposits of morality."

A second, narrower issue was related to the First Amendment's ban on the establishment of religion. Wyzanski felt that the draft law is biased in favor of men who are religious. "Congress," he said, "unconstitutionally discriminated against atheists, agnostics and men like Sisson who, whether they be religious or not, are motivated by profound moral beliefs which constitute the central convictions of their beings." To critics who argue that the sincerity of such a personal code is too hard to ascertain, Wyzanski tartly replied, "Often it is harder to detect a fraudulent adherent to a religious creed than to recognize a sincere moral protestant. We can all discern Thoreau's integrity more quickly than we might detect some churchman's hypocrisy. The suggestion that courts cannot tell a sincere from an insincere

TED POLWACHIN



JUDGE WYZANSKI

Nothing uncharacteristic.

conscientious objector underestimates what the judicial process performs every day."

Wyzanski was careful to state (in capital letters) that he was not suggesting the Government could never require C.O.s to fight; defense of the homeland, in his view, might overbalance claims of individual conscience. And the judge was not saying that the Government was barred from drafting C.O.s for non-combat service. His decision so far has binding effect only in his own court, but a Baltimore federal judge has also expanded C.O. status by granting it to an atheist (TIME, Dec. 20). The Supreme Court broadened the old C.O. definition slightly in a 1965 decision that held that a nonreligious objector's convictions must "occupy a place in the life of its possessor parallel to that filled by the orthodox belief in God." Wyzanski, however, has now forced the issue, and his decision was carefully worded so that it could be appealed directly to the high court. Government attorneys are expected to file such an appeal.

MEDICINE

TRANSPLANTS

An Artificial Heart

Although Houston's Dr. Denton A. Cooley has transplanted more human hearts than any other surgeon, he still finds them in short supply. So last week he implanted the world's first completely artificial heart as a stopgap measure while he and the patient waited for a suitable heart donor.

On the operating table at St. Luke's Episcopal Hospital was Haskell Karp, 47, a printing estimator from Skokie, Ill., his heart drastically damaged by coronary-artery disease. Karp had had an implanted pacemaker for eleven months, but it was failing. Cooley first tried to save him by cutting out the dead area of heart muscle and stitching the sides of the hole together with a piece of Dacron for reinforcement. But when this was done, Karp's heart refused to beat spontaneously. Karp had been linked during the operation to a heart-lung machine, both breathing for him and pumping his blood, but this could keep him alive for only a few hours. Better, Cooley decided, to remove the useless heart and implant an artificial heart, leaving Karp's lungs to oxygenate his blood.

Source of Power. Standing by was Argentine-born Dr. Domingo Liotta of the Baylor College of Medicine, who has worked on artificial hearts for ten years. He now had ready a device that might keep Karp alive for a week or two. It is about the same size as a natural heart and is made of Silastic (a silicone plastic), with Dacron cuffs for attachment to the "distributor cap," or blood-vessel connections, in the remnant of Karp's own heart. It is self-contained except for one essential ingredient: a power system to deliver a steady, pumping beat. This must come from an external console as big as a refrigerator standing at the bedside, to which the artificial heart is attached by two thin air hoses.

With the artificial heart in place, Cooley led these tubes out through the cut in Karp's chest wall. The heart-lung machine was switched off and the console switched on. At a slow-normal heart rate, the pump alternately sent a volume of carbon dioxide under pressure into sacs in the artificial heart to force blood out of the ventricles to the lungs and the rest of the body, then relaxed this pressure to let the heart refill with blood.

Karp soon regained consciousness and obeyed commands to move his hands and wiggle his toes. Next morning, with a breathing tube removed from his throat, he said a few words. His wife Shirley issued an appeal for a heart donor. At week's end, though no donor was yet in sight, Karp was holding up well and Surgeon Cooley was standing by, eager to remove the artificial device and replace it with a natural heart.



Here's to the Mothers in your life

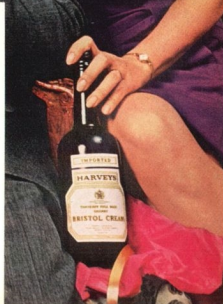
Traditionally, as a gift, as a toast, Harveys Bristol Cream® Sherry shows that you care. And the Mothers you love will be thrilled to receive it. Indeed in the early days, a discriminating French lady visiting the wine cellars at Bristol called it the Cream of all sheries—and ever since, for over a hundred years, connoisseurs have appreciated its unique quality. As do discriminating ladies today.



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Harveys
Bristol Cream
shows that you care

Mother's Day is May 11th.



We promised our people if they can make you happier

A bonus is the oldest idea
in the world.

You know the way they
should be given out.

The people who get
rewarded should be the
people who sweat to do an
outstanding job.

That's the way TWA is
going to give away a million
dollars.

The people who get the
money will be the ones who
make our customers
happier than any other
airline can make them.



a million dollar bonus than any other airline.

And happy customers—
like you—are going to tell us
who to give the money to.

On every TWA flight,
you'll get a ballot to vote for
the TWA people of your
choice.

In every TWA terminal,
you'll find a bonus box for
your ballot.

Some people may call this
bribery. We call it good
business sense.

Good, hard working
people are hard to find these
days.

So are good customers.

Fly with us. We're putting a
million dollars where our
mouth is.

TWA

**Our people make you happy.
We make them happy.**



Sometimes when a man has worked very hard
and succeeded, he enjoys ordering things just because they're expensive.



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SCIENCE

AVIATION

The Secret Ways of A Speedy Blackbird

In the 44 years since Lyndon Johnson told the world of a new U.S. spy plane faster and higher-flying than the old U-2, the SR-71 has remained wrapped in secrecy as dark as its dull black paint. Travelers have caught tantalizing glimpses of the mysterious jet at Thailand's Udorn airbase, from which it has flown over Red China and North Viet Nam; there has been talk of speed "faster than a bullet" and a ceiling of 100,000 ft. An occasional unrevealing photograph has been declassified by cautious military censors. But only recently have any more significant details of the "Blackbird's" equipment, performance and capabilities been released. They strongly suggest that the SR-71 is—both literally and figuratively—the world's hottest aircraft.

Too Hot to Touch. More than 30 of the superplanes have been built in Lockheed Aircraft's fabled "Skunk Works" under the supervision of Aeronautical Engineer Clarence ("Kelly") Johnson, the man who also designed the U-2. The Air Force admits to one squadron, stationed at California's Beale AFB, but the planes are also known to fly out of Okinawa, the Philippines and Thailand. Although a few other aircraft can challenge the SR-71 in a brief dash, the Blackbird can fly 2,000 m.p.h. at 120,000 ft. for as long as an hour, far out-distancing any rival.

At that speed, combustion chambers in the SR-71's two huge Pratt & Whitney J-58 engines reach a temperature of 2,800°—hotter than any other operational engine. They gulp special kerosene-based "Lockheed Lighter Fuel, 1-A" at a ravenous rate.

The fuel probably gets an extra kick from a high-energy chemical additive, and the mighty engines can drive the SR-71 in a missile-like ballistic curve

that takes the plane above 97% of the earth's atmosphere. Yet even in the rarified upper atmosphere, the surface temperature of the plane's leading edges hits 630°, enough to heat the Blackbird's titanium skin to cherry-red incandescence. An intricate system of pumps and pipelines circulates fuel near enough to the skin to absorb heat and carry it to cooler parts of the plane where it is radiated away. Even so, if the space-suited two-man crew cannot take time to cool off the craft thoroughly before it descends, the SR-71 remains too hot to touch for an hour after landing.

Bog of Tricks. The plane's micro-miniaturized gear includes "side-looking" radar to peer through clouds and map terrain far from its path. New cameras use "folded optics" to produce telescopic closeups in black-and-white or on new, grainless color film—which can be dropped in pods and parachuted to waiting intelligence officers. When sensitive receivers detect incoming radar pulses, the Blackbird can dip into its bag of tricks and give itself "electronic invisibility." There is even a top-secret method of masking the SR-71's heat emissions to confuse enemy infra-

red tracking. Put together in one package, the sophisticated gadgetry makes the Blackbird all but invulnerable—the next best thing to a manned, orbiting spy in the sky.

TECHNOLOGY

Debut of a Metal Giant

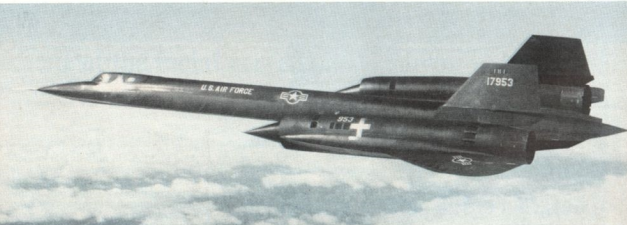
Seated inside his 11-ft.-tall brainchild, Mechanical Engineer Ralph Mosher moved his legs and arms and sent the 3,000-lb., four-legged mastodon lumbering across the floor at General Electric's Schenectady plant. As Mosher flexed his arms, the monster climbed a stack of heavy timbers to pose like a circus elephant with one foreleg held in the air. A flick of Mosher's wrist swung a 63-ft. metal leg in an arc and sent the timbers flying. Another flick and the foreleg playfully kicked sand at watching newsmen.

Thus last week, Engineer Mosher introduced CAM, G.E.'s "Cybernetic Anthropomorphic Machine." Unlike the usual robot, the walking machine has limbs that respond to the actual movements of its human operator's arms and legs. Driven by hydraulic pressure and controlled by servomechanisms, the metal muscles exert far more force than their human counterparts. But they are

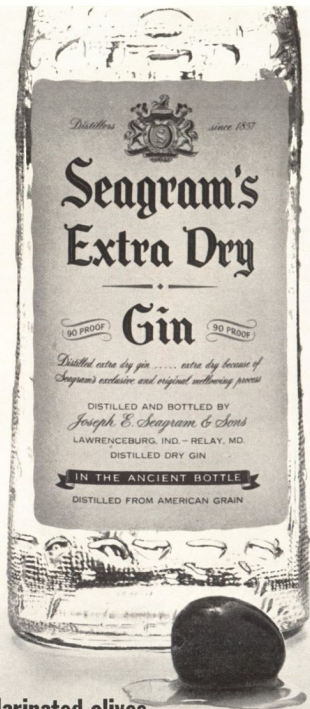
TONY LUCK



U.S. AIR FORCE



ABOVE: SPACE-SUITED PILOTS ABOUT TO ENTER SR-71. BELOW: IN FLIGHT
When it comes from the Skunk Works, it's just naturally all but invulnerable.

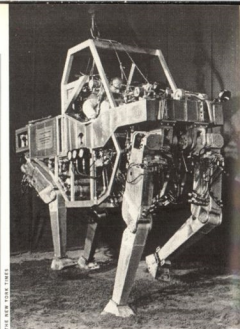


Marinated olives. This week's perfect martini secret.

Marinate the olives in vermouth and use the perfect martini gin, of course.

Seagram's. The perfect martini gin.

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CAM WITH CREATOR
Man into superman.

attached to a sensitive feedback system that gently lets the handler "feel" what the metal limbs are doing.

Although the walking machine is merely a prototype to demonstrate the feasibility of more sophisticated CAMs, neither G.E. nor the Army, for whom they will be made, foresees many technical barriers to more intricate models. The Army has announced that an offshoot is already being constructed—a Jeep-size vehicle with interchangeable mechanical legs and wheels. Approaching completion is a CAM "exoskeleton" of mechanical muscles, which, when worn by an operator, will convert mere man into superman.

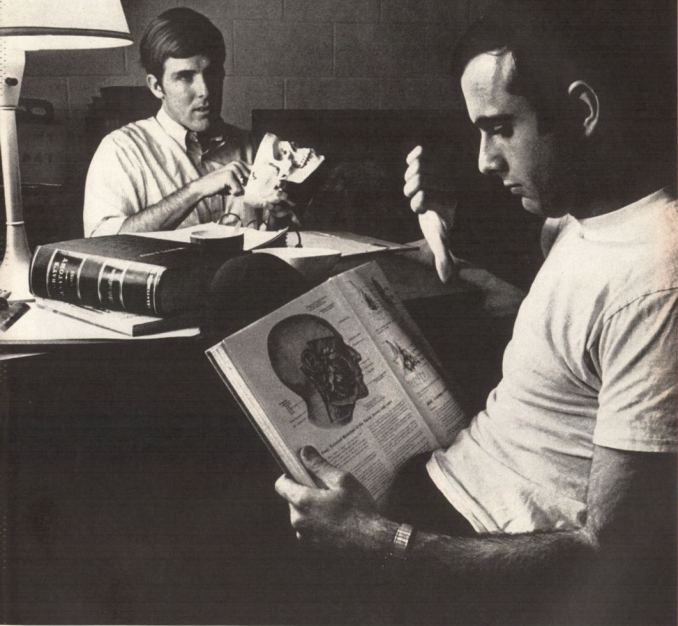
BIOLOGY

A Deadly Signal

One of the most fascinating reports at last week's New Orleans seminar of the American Cancer Society was made not by a doctor or biologist, but by an aeronautical engineer. Clarence Cone Jr., of NASA's Langley Research Center in Virginia, was assigned by the space agency to study the effect on cell division of any radiation that astronauts might encounter. Cone knew that normal cells, grown in the laboratory, will not multiply and crowd one another beyond a certain point. But cancer cells lack this "contact inhibition," and are joined by intimate bonds or "bridges" of cellular material.

During his research, Cone found that when a cancer cell divides, it sets off a chain reaction. He suggests that an electrical signal accompanying division in the first cell flashes through the network of bridges to other cells in the group, causing all of them to divide nearly instantaneously. This process, Cone believes, helps explain the uncontrolled proliferation of cells that characterizes cancer.

DOCTOR OF TOMORROW



Put the facial nerve there, and you've had it.

It's the day before tomorrow for these medical students. A tough anatomy exam looms in the morning. And it will be advisable to know a lot of things for sure. Like which of the many cranial nerves pass through each of the many cranial openings.

Hour after hour, deep into the night, the men grill each other mercilessly. But they're no strangers to late study. For though the making of a modern doctor stretches over ten costly, exacting years or more, there is never time

enough to absorb all of today's expanding knowledge.

In A. H. Robins pharmaceutical research, too, we feel the pressure of that advancing knowledge. Only by keeping on its frontiers can our years of exploratory work yield new and better medicines for your doctors of today and tomorrow.

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A-H-ROBINS

BEHAVIOR

Intelligence: Is There a Racial Difference?

THE human is born with a hereditary capacity to be bright, stupid or anything in between. His starting position on the intelligence scale is predetermined—a biological sentence, like the one that orders tigers to give birth to tiger cubs and the human female to produce human babies. But nothing prevents a normal man from enriching his intellectual birthright, if it is allowed to mature in a hospitable environment. The obverse is equally true. Potential geniuses, deprived of suitable stimulation, will never fulfill their endowment.

These hypotheses, which are widely

five closely reasoned rebuttals to Jensen's thesis in their next issue.

The charge that Negroes are inherently inferior to whites is not new. Neither is it demonstrable. Among other things, it is a canon of racist faith, invoked first to justify slavery and then the Negro's status as a separate-but-unequal U.S. citizen. But Psychologist Jensen is no racist, as his article repeatedly makes clear. "Since, as far as we know, the full range of human talents is represented in all the major races of man," he writes at one point, "it is unjust to allow the mere fact of an individual's racial or social background to affect the treatment accorded him."

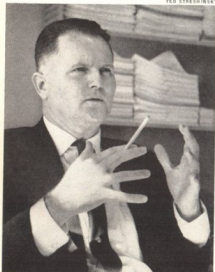
In fact, the reference to Negro inferiority is largely irrelevant to the article's main purpose, which is a declaration of war on those social scientists who discount man's genetic intellectual heritage. "The possible importance of genetic factors in racial behavioral differences," writes Jensen, "has been greatly ignored, almost to the point of being a tabooed subject . . . The slighting of the role of genetics in the study of intelligence can only hinder investigation and understanding of the conditions, processes and limits through which the social environment influences human behavior."

Ability to Reason. To develop this noninflammatory point, and to weigh the genetic contribution to intelligence, Psychologist Jensen relies heavily on the so-called intelligence test. He defines intelligence, somewhat circularly, as "what intelligence tests measure." In education, he says, what they measure is the subject's adaptability to a system that stresses cognition—the ability to reason—and that is designed for normal, middle-class white children. On this contrived scale, the American black typically registers below the American white—on the average, about 15 IQ points. This information is not very new. Moreover, its insight into the relative intelligence of black and white is inconclusive and limited, as Jensen himself admits. Jensen also allows for the elevating effect of a rich cultural environment. But except in cases of severe deprivation, he denies any substantial depressing effect in a culturally poor one. The implication, to him, is that most Negroes—and, for that matter, many low-income whites—are not sufficiently deprived to claim environment as a major factor in low IQ performance. "Various lines of evidence," he argues, "no one of which is definitive alone, make it a not unreasonable hypothesis that genetic factors are strongly implicated in the average Negro-white intelligence difference." The difference, according to him, is found in the highest form of intelligence: the ability to reason abstractly and to

solve problems. In what he calls associative learning, or mastering by rote, ghetto children seem to do as well as anyone else.

The author uses his theories to attack compensatory education programs, such as Operation Head Start, which assume that the withered young intellect will bloom if it is properly watered. Jensen contends that if substantial IQ improvement is the goal, all such programs will fail. He proposes instead that the schools broaden their approach to accommodate all levels of intelligence. Jensen writes: "Too often, if a child does not learn the school subject matter when taught in a way that depends largely on being average or above average, he does not learn at all."

Jensen's more thoughtful critics concede some validity to this point. "Our ed-



PSYCHOLOGIST JENSEN

Reverberations beyond the circle.

accepted by behavioral scientists, are restated in a lengthy article by Arthur R. Jensen in the current issue of the *Harvard Educational Review*. But Jensen, 45, an educational psychologist at the University of California in Berkeley, chose to build on such postulates some less plausible ones of his own. He argues that in some ways the American black is intellectually inferior to the American white. And he suggests that the explanation lies not so much in the Negro's deprived environment as in his genes.

Incendiary Value. Whether or not the author intended it, this is an inflammatory statement, and it has reverberated far beyond the modest circle of the *Review*'s 12,000 subscribers. Columnist Joseph Alsop and Geneticist Joshua Lederberg, who writes a weekly column for the *Washington Post*, have entered demurrers. In a Virginia court, Jensen has been quoted by attorneys resisting the integration of schools in Greensville and Caroline counties. Well aware of the article's incendiary value, the editors of the *Review* will publish



GENETICIST LEDERBERG

No better equipped than Plato.

ucational systems," writes Geneticist Lederberg, "often neglect a child's strongest capabilities, and hold him back while focusing on his weaknesses." J. McVicker Hunt, a psychologist at the University of Illinois, agrees with Jensen that the child's first exposure to formal education is confining when it should be expanding. Says Hunt: "I am among those few who are inclined to believe that mankind has not yet developed and deployed a form of early childhood education (from birth to age five) which permits him to achieve his full potential."

Mischiefous Tests. But behavioral scientists are less willing to define with Jensen's confidence the comparative roles of heredity and environment in human intelligence. "I agree that it is foolish to deny the possibility of significant genetic differences between races," writes James F. Crow, a population geneticist at the University of Wisconsin, in a response to the Jensen article commissioned by *Harvard's Review*. "But this is not to say that the magnitude and direction of genetic

You'd even know us in the nude.

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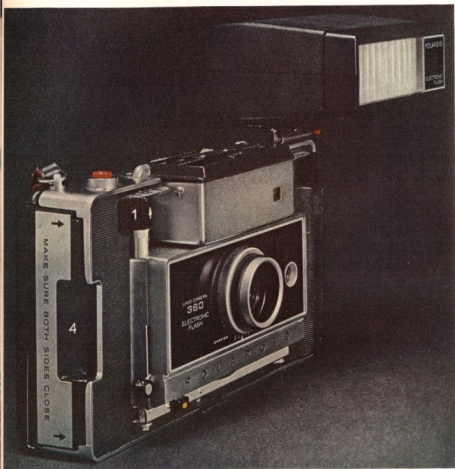


Ballantine's: what Scotch is all about.

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You pull the film packet out of the camera. Automatically, an electronic timer is activated and the timer light goes on. The instant the print is perfectly developed, the light goes out and the timer goes *beeeeeep*.

Now: peel off your picture. Perfectly exposed. Perfectly developed. And all you did was



As you focus, louvers adjust automatically to insure correct light intensity.

aim and shoot!

Now keep shooting. After you've taken 5 film packs (40 shots), you place the electronic strobe in its charger unit and plug it into the wall. It recharges itself automatically.

Sound sort of James Bond? The 360 is no fantasy. It's real and it's here, to give you more excitement than you ever imagined you could get from picture-taking.

You'll take wonderfully spontaneous pictures. No more

Electronic flash, electronic timing, and the most sophisticated exposure control system ever conceived add up to the most remarkable 60-second camera yet.

You slide the electronic flash unit into place with a satisfying click, and flip on a tiny switch.

Instantly, a light in the camera body and a rising sound signal tell you the flash is building energy. A light starts flashing and the sound switches to a

boop...boop...

You are now ready to shoot 40 flash pictures, without stopping once to put in a flashbulb.

As you focus, louvers in the flash unit automatically adjust to deliver the exact amount of light you need. You depress the

self-sufficient camera in the world.

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You'll never have to use another flashbulb (so you'll never run out of them!). Let's say you're having a big party. You take 40 flash pictures. One last shot? Plug in for 10 minutes and you can shoot another pack.

Using The 360 tomorrow for a family get-together? Plug it in, and in an hour, it's fully recharged. When you're not using it, just keep the flash unit plugged in, like your electric toothbrush.

Best of all, The 360 gives you the freedom to shoot when the moment is right.

You'll get perfectly exposed shots, indoors or out.

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Electronic circuits reduced from the size of a pack of cards to the size of a pencil point.

strobe light is particularly kind to flesh tones. Outdoors, the sophisticated electric eye and

electronic shutter system will read the light and set the exposure automatically.

You won't waste any more pictures because of poor timing. You set the timer correctly and let it worry.

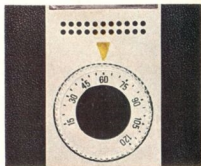
One fascinating feature will give you an inkling



No flashbulbs ever. Electronic flash shoots 40 pictures, recharges on house current.

of the ingenuity that went into this camera. In the timer, the shutter and the flash unit are circuits containing transistors, resistors, and other electronic components. Each would normally fill a space as large as a deck of cards. In The 360, they have been reduced to tiny chips of plastic-covered silicone less than 1/32 of an inch square, about the width of a pencil point.

This new Polaroid Land camera has a Zeiss Ikon range-and-viewfinder. Triplet lens. Four film speed settings. Two exposure ranges for color, two for black-and-white. It can take Polaroid camera attachments



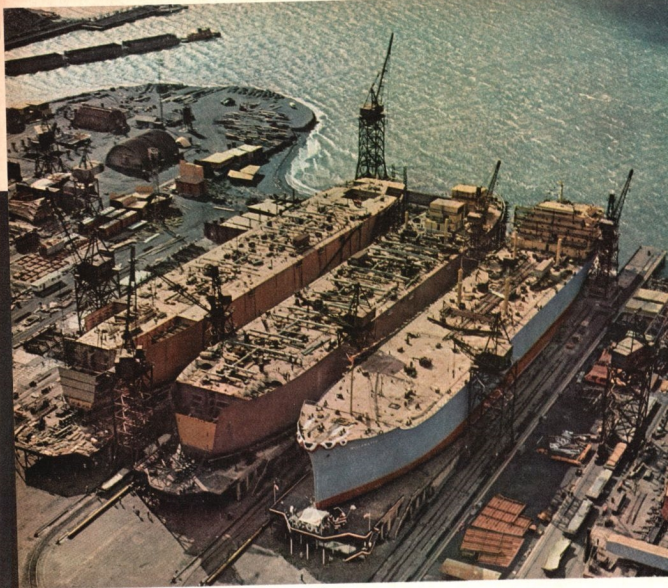
Electronic timer sounds off the instant your print is perfectly developed.

for close-ups and portraits. It has a tripod socket. And instant pack-film loading.

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racial differences are predictable." In American society, he adds, the environmental difference between being black and being white could of itself account for the IQ gap.

This possibility appears to gain support from a well-known study by Geneticists Irving I. Gottesman and James Shields, which was not cited by Jensen, of 38 pairs of identical white twins. Separated in infancy, these twins were reared in different environments, Gottesman and Shields found that, since the twins were presumed to be genetic equals, the environmental factor alone must have accounted for a spread of 14 IQ points—almost the same gap that separates black and white.

Until instruments more precise than the IQ test are developed, any attempt to rank the intelligence of black and white is meaningless—and is bound to be mischievous in the light of its political implications. Too little is known of the genes to justify positive statements about their contribution to the intelligence of mankind at large, much less to any division of mankind. The suspicion that there are genetically determined differences at birth, and that these may contribute to the enormous diversity of the human intellect, is at least as old as Plato. But, as Geneticist Lederberg observes, "it remains just a hypothesis, and we are not much better equipped than Plato was to assess it."

ANXIETY

Doomsday in the Golden State

It all begins very swiftly in the glorious late-afternoon California sunshine. A short time after the earth starts to shudder, the huge, 20,000-sq.-mi. land mass west of the San Andreas fault wrenches itself free from the continent. San Francisco is quickly reduced to piles of rubble, the Golden Gate and Bay bridges collapse, skyscrapers topple like children's blocks, the freeways crumple into bent, twisted auto graveyards. The lush Imperial and San Joaquin valleys are inundated by floods unlike anything since the days of the Ark. Los Angeles, Santa Barbara and San Diego all disappear beneath the rampaging Pacific. More than 15 million people die in California's Great Earthquake—one of the worst natural calamities in the history of man.

It sounds like the scenario for a low-budget sci-fi flick, but thousands of Californians now actually believe that

these horrible events will soon happen. For months, astrologers, fundamentalist preachers, telepathists, clairvoyants and assorted mystics have been predicting the imminent demise of California by a giant earthquake; many of them are convinced that doomsday will occur some time this month.

Where Can We Go? Last week doomsday talk reached fever pitch. Disk jockeys were spinning a hit calypso tune called *Day After Day*, which asks: "Where can we go when there's no San Francisco?" A book called *The Last Days of the Late, Great State of California*, which gives a jolt-by-jolt preview of the disaster, was a bestseller.



CALIFORNIA EARTHQUAKE POSTER
Joke—but not without justification.

So was a large, gold, black and orange poster showing the city being swallowed up by earth and sea. Convinced that California is a den of iniquity that is overdue for divine retribution, a few apocalyptic preachers have already led hundreds of their disciples out of the state (TIME, Sept. 13). A telepathic organization called the Fellowship of the Ancient Mind has solemnly applied to Los Angeles officials for a salvage permit in order to rescue art works from the ruins after the Ultimate Quake. For the first time in years, civil defense officials report a run on survival kits, consisting of first-aid pamphlets and instructions about what to do in case of fires, floods or earthquakes.

Naturally, the vast majority of Californians are treating the doomsday talk as a huge, macabre joke, but the fears of the gloomy visionaries are not entirely without justification. Seismologists

say that California has been long overdue for a major earthquake, although a fissure that would split the state in two along the length of the 600-mile San Andreas fault is in their opinion inconceivable. Nor, they add, can anyone predict the time, place or magnitude of the quake with absolute certitude. In fact, one of the quake dates predicted by soothsayers, April 4, passed last week without a tremor. But neither scientific reassurances nor disappointments have much impact on the true believers. When radio stations reported that noted Caltech Seismologist Charles Richter was leaving the state in April, disaster rumors swelled anew—until Richter explained that he was only going away for a few days to attend a scientific meeting.

California's psychiatrists are not surprised by the spread of millenarian fantasies. They have long been accustomed to dealing with their state's peculiar predilection for the occult and mysterious—a phenomenon that they attribute in part to the rootless, often unstable quality of life in a society largely composed of newcomers. "There is a kind of apocalyptic quality to the anxiety here," says Los Angeles Psychologist Harvey Ross.

Measure of Comfort. In this particular instance, the anxiety that exists in every human psyche has, and in certain gloomy minds, become focused on the earthquake predictions. "To believe in the imminence of such a disaster," says Dr. Edward Stainbrook, psychiatry department chairman of the University of Southern California-County Medical Center, "is to localize this

free-floating anxiety. For the people who live with the vague notion that there's danger around, it is a relief for them to be able to put this dread onto the possibility of a natural catastrophe."

Not only does this provide the worried with a measure of comfort—they are able to trace their anxieties to a single, comprehensible source—but they also feel a certain brotherhood with others who share their psychological problems. This dual need is especially evident among the young, which accounts in part for the participation of many hippies in occult and mystical movements.

What if the earthquake fears prove unfounded? That is of no real importance to those who fear impending doom, argues Beverly Hills Psychologist Leonard Olinger. "None of the believers is really dismayed when his fears do not materialize. It's the will to believe that he's really after."

RELIGION

RITUAL

A Changing Way of Death

One of the most memorable things about the funeral of Dwight David Eisenhower (see THE NATION) was its quiet dignity. The brief Biblical service and the confident hymns bespoke the man who had chosen them before his death; like him, they were modest, realistic and hopeful. Yet, in a nation whose overblown funeral rites were once the proper subject of mockery in Jessica Mitford's *The American Way of Death*, such a straightforward farewell is no longer the exception. Christian funerals in the U.S. are changing, and

Christian death," more and more bishops are allowing an experimental "white funeral," a service as different from the old requiem Mass as Easter is from Good Friday. Dressed in white vestments instead of the traditional black, the priest meets the coffin at the church door, recalling the rite of baptism that ties the Christian to Jesus. "If in union with Christ we have imitated his death," declares the priest, quoting St. Paul, "we shall also imitate him in his Resurrection." During the service, a white pall covers the coffin to symbolize eternal life; a paschal candle flickering at the foot of the coffin symbolizes the Risen Christ. Gone is the chilling but

hambra, Calif., insists that caskets should be closed—"not because we are afraid to look at a dead body, but to save the cost of cosmetology."

At times, the new simplicity of funerals seems to verge on an almost mechanical austerity, in which the spiritual has little or no place. Not surprisingly, some undertakers are disturbed about the rising frequency of what they disdainfully dub the "run-in" or "disposal" funeral: the briefest memorial service, no embalming, just a quick transfer of the body to the crematorium. Obviously, the problem for the Christian is to strike a balance in which death can be faced as the mystery it is, with neither false confidence nor excessive grief. Ideally, says the Rev. Dr. Albert J. Penner, president of the Massachusetts Conference of the United Church of Christ, death should be accepted as "a natural part of existence, part of the bargain we make with life at birth."

ROMAN CATHOLICS

"Practically Schismatic"

For Pope Paul VI, the solemn ceremonies of Holy Week were more sorrowful than usual. On two successive days, in his most anguished public statements to date on the crisis in the Roman Catholic world, the Pope issued extraordinarily direct attacks on defecting clergy and dissent within the church.

Speaking to pilgrims in St. Peter's Basilica on Wednesday of Holy Week, the Pope identified the present-day sufferings of the church with the agony of Christ. "The Lord tests us," he declared. "The church suffers from the abandonment by so many Catholics of the fidelity that centuries-old tradition merits." Even "favored sons" engage in destructive criticism, and by their defections, "certain ecclesiastics and religious crucify the church." At Holy Thursday services next day, he spoke of the "practically schismatic ferment that divides and subdivides the church. How can the living and true church be authentic," he asked, "if the company that forms it is so often and gravely corroded by contestation or forgetfulness of its hierarchical structure?"

From his point of view, the Pope had good reason for the outbursts. Although the Vatican has by now become accustomed to the public defection of priests, it was shocked by the recent resignations of two young, promising bishops. In Chile, the Most Rev. Gabriel Larrain Valdivieso, 44, auxiliary to the Cardinal-Archbishop of Santiago, left the priesthood for secular humanitarian work. In Peru, Bishop Mario Cornejo Radaverio, 41, auxiliary to the Cardinal-Archbishop of Lima, reportedly brought his cardinal to tears by resigning to marry. Priestly defections have even touched the Vatican itself, where an honored member of the papal household, Monsignor Giovanni Musante (TIME, Mar. 21), had also left to marry.

Paul has frequently denounced excesses of reform within the church, but



DEMONSTRATION OF FUNERAL OF THE FUTURE
Emphasis on simplicity, realism and hope.

they now tend to emphasize the simple, yet triumphant qualities that characterized the Eisenhower rites.

The change makes sound religious sense. To the believing Christian, death is a moment not of annihilation but of resurrection, when a soul's turbulent earthly journey comes to a happy end in eternal life. American Protestant funeral rites traditionally reflected this belief in such comfortable old favorites as the 23rd Psalm ("The Lord is my Shepherd") and the promises of Jesus ("I am the Resurrection and the Life"), at least until the more unctuous funeral-parlor euphemisms began to avoid any confrontation at all with the idea of death. Roman Catholic rites, on the other hand, were infected by a grim medieval preoccupation with sin and punishment; any confidence or joy in the resurrection hardly seemed to exist.

Now the most visible changes in the mood of funerals are being made by Catholics. Charged by a decree of the Second Vatican Council to put greater emphasis on "the paschal character of

beautiful hymn of the old Latin services —the *Dies Irae* ("Day of Wrath"). In its place may be the 23rd or 121st Psalm ("I lift my eyes unto the hills") or joyful hymns ending in an alleluia. The homily is modest and uplifting. "We stress that life is not ended but merely changed," says Monsignor James J. Madden of Richmond, Texas.

Part of Existence. While Catholics are moving away from a tradition of guilt and grief, U.S. Protestants are trying to retreat from the excesses of funeral-parlor escapism. The Southern California-Arizona Conference of the United Methodist Church has told ministers to urge burial from a church rather than a mortuary, to recommend a minimum of ceremony, and to expect no remuneration for presiding. In Detroit, the Rev. Dr. Jack Rollings of Metropolitan Baptist Tabernacle has set a limit of 15 minutes on his eulogies. "I remember a time," he says, "when if you didn't speak for 30 minutes, it meant you didn't care for the deceased." Episcopal Canon Howard Johnson of Al-

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-no morning sun lasts a whole day.”

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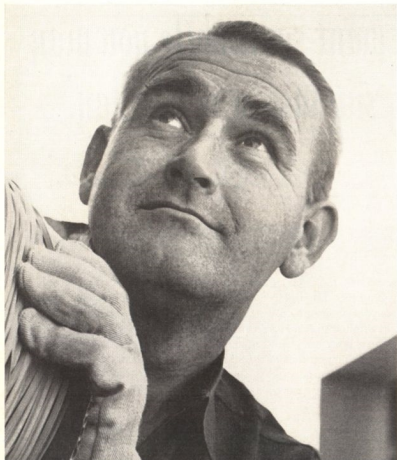
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(Net after Expenses)	
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Liabilities	926,084,886
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last week marked the first time that he has publicly referred to *schism*—a word that has almost never been mentioned by pontiffs since Clement VII hurled the accusation at Henry VIII more than four centuries ago. To many Vatican observers, the Holy Week statements suggest that the Pope has taken as much as he can from the dissenters and is ready to deliver an ultimatum to those who persist in ecclesiastical rebellion.

A New Model from Detroit

As a young coadjutor bishop in Pittsburgh, Archbishop John F. Dearden of Detroit earned the nickname "Iron John" for his firm administrative style. Last week Iron John Dearden, one of four new American cardinals chosen by the Pope, proved that he is a man of much more flexible steel. He approved a long list of recommendations, put forward by a lay-dominated synod, that makes Detroit a model of democratically guided reform in the post-Vatican II church.

The changes range from diocesan government to such unusual subjects as the responsibility of individual Catholics to form their own attitudes on the morality of war. Dearden replaced his centralized chancery office with 25 regional vicariates, which will take care of the needs of the archdiocese's 1,500,000 Catholics. The vicars will have the wide powers once reserved to chancery specialists, leaving the archbishop freer for broader pastoral duties.

Other changes are designed to meet urban problems. Mass may be said any hour, day or night. New church buildings are to be simple in design and modest in appointments. Priests may replace the traditional vestments during services with other dress appropriate "to the worshipping community." It was laid down as a basic principle of church government that "all members of the parish community are to share in decision making," specifically in such areas as liturgy, education and finances.

Even more unusual are the changes in attitude urged by the new guidelines. "It remains each man's burden in conscience," says one section of the recommendations report, "to decide the rectitude of his country's policies as a world power, or its involvement in the armament race, or its participation in wars against other men. And the decision of his conscience must be made known by every legitimate means, but especially by the exercise of his vote."

Probably the most remarkable thing about the recommendations was how they came about. Two years ago, Dearden created a diocesan synod to discuss such changes. More than 80,000 adult participants, working in 7,200 groups at 335 parishes, made more than 65,000 proposals. It took a computer and nine commissions to sift them into their final form. Even now, said Dearden at a special Mass of thanksgiving last week, the changes were not to be considered "a goal achieved, but a beginning."



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EDUCATION

COLLEGES

Pride of the Reservation

They came in dusty pickup trucks and rattling secondhand cars. Old women in velvet skirts and turquoise bracelets felt nervously past young men in tight Levi's, sunglasses and cowboy boots. Trim coeds talked with old men in shabby clothes and tall black felt hats. Judged by any criterion—age, dress or deportment—the student body that recently turned up for the opening of the Navaho Community College at Many Farms, Ariz., was as varied as could be found on any campus in the U.S.

Tribal elders were there because they wanted to learn the history of their Navaho ancestors. Others wanted to learn a trade. Many wanted further academic study toward a degree at a four-year college. But all had a particular pride in the first institution of higher education on any Indian reservation in the country.

All they had known were the Bureau of Indian Affairs schools, which they called *Washington beolta*, the public schools, which they called *belagona beolta* (white man's schools), or the mission schools, called *eeeshoodi beolta* (for "those who drag their clothes," meaning the first Catholic priests who came to the reservation). The Navaho likes none of those places. White men's creations, they separate children from their families and tribal traditions, are largely inadequate, and have succeeded mainly in teaching young Indians to feel like second-class citizens. As one result, Indians have the country's highest illiteracy rate. Half of them do not complete high school; 40% are unemployed.

Language and Legends. The community college is something else: *dine beolta* (the people's school) really belongs to the Navahos themselves. The college is primarily the creation of two men. President Robert Roessel Jr., 42, brought to his dream the experience of 20 years of teaching and school administration among the Navahos, plus the insight of his Navaho wife, Ruth, who is liaison officer for the college. Roessel's indispensable colleague was Raymond Nakai, the Navaho tribal chairman, who has advocated a community college on the reservation for more than a decade.

The two men had a working model: the Rough Rock Demonstration School, an elementary school that was started in 1966 with support from the Bureau of Indian Affairs and the Office of Economic Opportunity, but has an all-Navaho school board with total administrative authority. At Rough Rock, students learn Navaho language and history, along with such standard subjects as English, math and science. Medicine men come to the dormitories in the evening to tell tribal folk tales and leg-

ends. The Navaho's focus on family ties is never forgotten, and children are allowed to go home whenever their parents wish.

Time to Learn. Rough Rock was the first such *beolta*, and it won such enthusiastic support among the Navahos that Roessel and tribal leaders felt encouraged to try the next step. They got a \$457,000 grant from OEO to start the community college in a borrowed building. They got \$200,000 more from tribal funds, and \$60,000 from the William H. Donner Foundation.

The college will accept any Navaho over 18 who applies—even adults who have never spent a day in school. Be-



NAVAHOS IN CLASS

Something else, something for themselves.

sides the familiar list of studies, the curriculum includes Navaho language and culture and a variety of vocational and craft courses. Roessel is confident the training will create a labor force that will attract industry to the area, cut the 70% unemployment rate and increase the \$680 average yearly family income of reservation Navahos.

Roessel says he will start new courses in any subject requested by students. There will be no pressure to meet a rigid two-year junior college timetable. "We will tell them, 'take your time,'" Roessel says. "If you need three years, or four, use them." After the college moves from its temporary location to its new campus near Tsale next year, it will expand its enrollment of 357 to accommodate 1,000 students.

New as it is, N.C.C. is already making an impact far beyond Many Farms. Chippewa Indians from Minnesota have visited the reservation to investigate and are now working to establish a community college of their own. At least eight Pueblo tribes in New Mexico are talking seriously of following the Navaho example.

STUDENTS

Capp's Cuts

Why are students willing to pay a millionaire cartoonist \$3,000 a shot to insult them from a lecture platform? "I think it's a love-hate relationship," says Al Capp, the raspy-voiced creator of *L'il Abner*. "Kids want to be kicked." At 59, the onetime liberal has developed a whole new career touring campuses to trumpet his grouchy, anti-youth message. Familiarity generates deeper contempt. "The more I see of students," he says, "the more I dislike them."

Capp works in a free-flowing format, first reading off questions from a deck of file cards submitted by students (but stacked to include queries on his pet hates), then fielding questions from the



FOUNDER ROESSEL & WIFE

floor. Laughing uproariously at his own answers, he told a Wisconsin audience: "You show me an 18-year-old humanitarian who wants to change the world he hasn't been in long enough to learn about, and I'll show you a pest." He mocks student idealism with heavy-handed wit. "A concerned student is one who smashes the computer at a university, and an apathetic student is one who spends four years learning how to repair that computer." Asked if "qualified" 18-year-olds should be given the vote, Capp says easily, "Sure, it won't do a bit of harm to have two or three more people vote."

Combat Pay. Capp compares student activists to Nazis. "They are absolutely the most ill-educated bunch the world has ever seen. They have no sense of history; that's why we have to relive the age of the Brownshirts, when students marched into German universities and took them over." Why are campus disorders spreading? "When they rip up one campus and all that happens is that their right to use the ice-cream-bar machine is revoked for one hour, what do you expect?" Should marijuana be le-

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AS CAPP SAW HIMSELF IN KENTUCKY
To know them is to dislike them.

galized? "By all means. Also murder, rape and arson—then we could do away with all crime."

Though he ridicules the students cruelly—and unfairly—Capp so far has never been attacked on campus. "But I do demand \$1,000 more for talking at Ivy League colleges," he says, "as combat pay." He alternates gibes with patriotic pronouncements, defends the flag ("It looks better waving than burning"), and offers a simplistic "solution" to the Viet Nam problem ("I say shoot back"). The S.D.S., he says, should be renamed S.W.I.N.E. for "students wildly indignant with nearly everything." He handles hostile audiences firmly: when one activist leaped up at a Kentucky campus appearance and yelled an obscenity, Capp said, "All right, you've told us your name. Now what is your question?"

Cambridge Outcast. Capp denies that he has become reactionary since becoming rich. "I was making \$150,000 a year while I was still in my 20s," he says. "My job as a humorist is to find lunacy wherever it exists and expose it." For years he fought McCarthyism in his cartoon strip. "But lunacy has shifted—you can't rely on it. I find it on the left now, and that's where I'm firing."

Despite the laughter, there is an undercurrent of bitter anger in Capp's commentaries about today's privileged students. It is the anger of a ghetto boy who struggled from desperate poverty to extraordinary success and is sure that others can do the same if they only try. On welfare, he expresses a Neanderthal notion: "Anyone who can get to the welfare office can get to work."

Once idolized by the academic liberals in Cambridge, where he lives, Capp has been dropped from their invitation lists for his iconoclastic views. He accepts this fate with equanimity. John Kenneth Galbraith asked him why he had deserted liberalism. "I didn't desert it," Capp snapped. "You and Arthur Schlesinger kidnapped it."

Living Cost Rise
Eleven Years

MODEST HIKE
IN AIR FARES

Tax Hike Looms

er Taxes

Washington, Jan. 14 (AP) — The

NELSON, R.

Price Rises Made
For Frozen Juice
By Two Companies

PRICE RISE OF 4.7%
IN YEAR IS BIGGEST
SINCE KOREAN WAR

CONSUMER PRICES
RISE 3.1% IN YEAR;
SLOWUP DOUBTED

New York Banks
Continue to Lose
Lendable Funds

Wheat Rises;
Biggest in 11 Years

Taxes Up

7-Cent Mail Rate Asked
For Air and First Class

2-Month Living Cost Rise

Consumer Prices
Climbed to a High
During December

By JOHN D.

PRICE MOVES SET
ON KEY PRODUCTS

Price Rise in Year
Biggest Since 1951

Surtax

Inflation
But They
Increases

CITY BANK RAISES
BORROWING COST

Medical Care Costs
Up 125 PC Since

Cost in Money

Urges Surtax Extension

New Tax Action

The Costlier

About 10% Increase in Postal Rates

DRUG STUDY FINDS
COSTS EXCESSIVE
A BURDEN ON AGES

increase
les Tax
TODAY

Tax Bill
May Touch
Untouched

Living-Cost Rise
Quintupled

Parking Tax

Living Co
Sharpest
In Eight

Tax Collector's Best Friend — Inflation

ILLINOIS PRICES

Egg Prices to Climb Even Higher;

real income. But this also means
\$6,000 earner will advance from the
the 37% income tax bracket, and his

March Index In
State Income

Is your dollar shrinking to about the size of a Volkswagen?

MUSIC

CONDUCTORS

Into the Fray

The post of music director for the Chicago Symphony is sometimes known as a conductor's Waterloo. No wonder. Artur Rodzinski lasted exactly one year before the dissatisfied trustees ousted him. Rafael Kubelik was hounded out of the job by Claudia Cassidy, the relentlessly hostile—toward Kubelik, at any rate—but now retired critic of the *Chicago Tribune*. Jean Martinon quit last year after a series of disputes that culminated in a clash with his musicians over discipline. The only recent

same time it has that typical American ability to be light. Within a few years, the Chicago Symphony will be one of the finest orchestras—if not the finest—in the world."

Natural Rhythm. If anyone can do it, Solti (pronounced *Shol-tee*) is the man. Currently music director of London's Covent Garden, and a frequent guest conductor at the Metropolitan Opera and the New York Philharmonic, Solti last week concluded a three-week guest engagement with the Chicago Symphony prior to the formal takeover in September. His final concert—devoted entirely to Mahler's *Second Symphony*—demonstrated the kind of technical brilliance and interpretive sagacity that have made him one of the world's half-dozen best conductors. The audience gave Solti one of the biggest ovations ever witnessed at Orchestra Hall. Although he has the natural rhythm of a dancer, his performances tend to be chaste and severe rather than fiery or sentimental, with the emphasis on outlining the architectural structure of a work. The sound of the Chicago Symphony was remarkably lustrous and clear under Solti's direction—a tribute, perhaps, to the fact that he is a tough disciplinarian. "The orchestra is already afraid of me," he says, half seriously. "They think I'm some kind of Nazi."

Actually, the orchestra members have found, to their delight, that he is not quite the temperamental Magyar they had been led to expect. "Usually conductors are relaxed at rehearsals and tense at the concerts," says First Violinist Victor Aitay. "Solti is the reverse. He is very tense at rehearsals, which makes us concentrate, but relaxed during the performance, which is a great asset to the orchestra."

Friday Matinee. All that Solti really has to worry about now is Chicago's Friday matinee. This traditional concert is attended mostly by suburban housewives who appear to be in perfect health until the concert begins. Then the rows of seats begin to shake with coughing, choking, bracelet jangling and idle chatter. Solti's goal is to teach the girls a few musical manners: "They will hear about it humorously at first. I will say: 'Please don't cough in the piano. Wait until the forte; it will come soon.'" Ultimately, he would like to abolish that matinee altogether. "Two o'clock in the afternoon just isn't the time to make music," he complains. "Besides, I don't believe in one-sex audiences."

Solti also wants to take some of the social snobbery out of the orchestra's life and broaden its appeal, especially among the young. "I don't believe that music is just for top people," he says. "It is the common property of all people." Unfortunately, his views strike at the heart of the traditional patronage of the Chicago Symphony: of the 2,500 or so sponsors who underwrite the orchestra's an-

nual \$1.6 million loss, half are strong-willed, socially conscious women. Said one of them last week: "The Friday concerts will be here long after Mr. Solti has moved on." In the end, the ladies may test Solti's disciplinary powers more than the orchestra members.

RECORDINGS

Back to the Roots

It's all music, no more, no less.

—Bob Dylan

Wherever Bob Dylan goes, his youthful legions gladly follow, and so, usually, does most of the pop world. He came out of Hibbing, Minn., as a straightforward folk singer in the Woody



SOLTI IN CHICAGO

Please don't cough in the piano.

conductor to succeed in the job was the late Fritz Reiner, a Hungarian with Germanic musical tastes, who brilliantly led the ensemble from 1953 to 1962 before illness forced him to retire.

Undaunted by Chicago's reputation, Conductor Georg Solti has decided that if Reiner could win that kind of fray, he can too. Perhaps the fact that Solti is also a Hungarian with distinct Germanic musical preferences had something to do with his decision to sign on for three years. Certainly, any conductor would think twice before turning down the Chicago offer. It reportedly pays \$90,000 a year, and though Solti will be responsible for planning the orchestra's entire year, he will only have to conduct three months of subscription concerts. But the overriding reason for his decision, he says, is that "the Chicago Symphony combines all the elements that I seek in an orchestra. It has a deeper, more German overall sound than most American orchestras, but at the



DYLAN IN MANHATTAN

A simple way to say simple things.

Guthrie manner. Then he began composing and singing the brooding social-protest lyrics (*Masters of War*, *The Times They Are A-Changin'*) that epitomized the unrest of a generation. His subsequent fusion of folk and rock transformed the pop scene even more. For last year's *John Wesley Harding*, Dylan went to Nashville to get an authentic country flavor—thereby kicking off a whole new wave of interest in country music and the Nashville sound. It was not so much a country twang that Dylan seemed to be after, but rather a simple way to say simple things.

Dylan's new album, *Nashville Skyline*, which was also recorded by Columbia in the country music capital, extends and culminates his return to basic pleasures. It has an unpretentious charm unmatched by any of the eight albums he has recorded since 1961. Most of the songs are about the delight of secular love, and the swirl of his social satire has given way to an earthy, some-

The odd couple.



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The top gear is eccentric and the bottom elliptical. Their combined movement transforms one circular movement into another circular movement.

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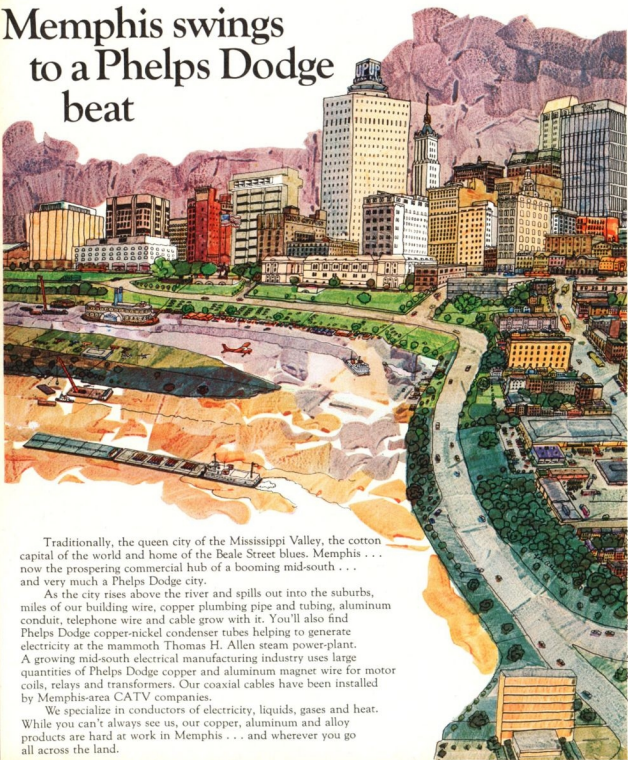
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times self-deprecating humor. The genial, syncopated *Peggy Day*, enhanced by the long, lazy melodic arch of an electric guitar, begins:

*Peggy Day, stole my
poor heart A-way,
By golly, what more can I say,
Love to spend a night
with Peggy Day.*

Then, just for the heck of it, he turns the lyrics around:

*Peggy Night, makes my future
look so bright,
Man, that girl is out of sight,
Love to spend a day
with Peggy Night.*

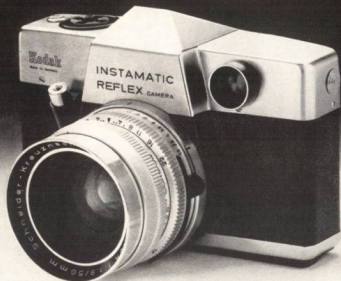
Lean and Brassy. What will surprise most listeners is Dylan's voice. Gone is the muffled, macadam-topped speech song of old. Instead, Dylan is definitely doing something that can be called singing. Somewhere, somehow, he has managed to add an octave to his range. The voice itself is still pinched, but it has a brassy, unstrained quality that suits his lighthearted material perfectly. Singing, he never makes a move that is not absolutely necessary. All is lean, tasteful and fun, as in a twanging bluegrass ditty called *Country Pie*:

*Raspberry, strawberry,
lemon and lime,
What do I care,
Blueberry, apple, cherry,
pumpkin and plum.
Call me for dinner, honey,
I'll be there,
Saddle me up a big white goose,
Turn me on her and turn her loose,
Oh me, oh my, love that country pie.*

The album suggests that Dylan seems to be trying to work his way back to his own beginnings. This is pointed up by his inclusion of *Girl from the North Country*, which is sung as a duet with Johnny Cash. It is a song from one of his first albums, *The Freewheelin' Bob Dylan*, and it marks the first time that he has ever re-recorded one of his own numbers.

Predicting Bob Dylan is a risky proposition, but the listener cannot help feeling that at 27—married and the father of three—he has found some measure of peace with the world. He seems to have brought that new-found relaxation to the recording sessions in Nashville. None of the songs were written down; he had them all in his head, and before recording, would go over them in his soft-spoken way with a hand-picked crew of Nashville sidemen, taking suggestions occasionally from them, or showing them how it should go by playing the guitar or piano. Once the tapping began, he was smooth and professional. "Some performers take all day to get a recording right," says Guitarist Pete Drake. "Dylan usually gets them on the first or second take. It really wasn't like working. Everything was so easy." Listening to *Nashville Skyline* is no work either.

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MODERN LIVING

FASHION

Black Look in Beauty

In *No Strings*, Richard Rodgers' otherwise forgettable Broadway musical of seven seasons ago, Diahann Carroll was cast as a Negro girl from Harlem who struck it rich as a high-fashion model in Paris. For plausibility's sake, it had to be Paris. Nobody would have believed the story if it had been set in Manhattan, least of all Diahann herself.

Actress Carroll had tried to make a go of modeling in the 1950s, but failed miserably. Fashion-magazine editors shied away from using Negro models for fear of offending readers and advertisers. When Diahann was able to find work, it was usually for such Negro publications as *Ebony* or *Jet*, and she was paid only \$10 to \$15 an hour v. the \$35 to \$50 an hour earned by white models. "I finally decided there was no future for a Negro in modeling," she says.

Spindly Siren. Today, of course, Diahann is the star of her own highly successful TV series, *Julia*. Black faces abound in ads and TV commercials; TV advertisers seem to have made it a rule of thumb that if three models in an ad are white, the fourth must be black. The breakthrough in fashion modeling has been more remarkable and, at the same time, less dutiful. Three years ago, a spindly siren from Detroit named Donyale Luna stalked onto the fashion scene and became an overnight success: in one whirlwind year she posed for *Harper's Bazaar*, *Paris Match*, *Queen* and the American, British and French editions of *Vogue*. Donyale since has gone on to bigger things: a movie role for Otto Preminger, now one for Federico

Fellini. But she left behind a fashion industry that has started thinking black.

In recent months, for the first time in their history, *Mademoiselle* and *Ladies' Home Journal* have taken to using Negro as well as white models on their covers; black mannequins have appeared in almost every issue of *Vogue* and *Bazaar* for the past year. Of the 100-odd girls employed by the Ford model agency, New York's biggest and best known, a dozen now are black. Other formerly all-white agencies have similarly integrated their rosters, and in the past three months two new agencies have opened in Manhattan to handle black models.

Eleanor Lambert, the fashion publicist known as "the voice" of Seventh Avenue, feels that "this is the moment for the Negro girl. She has long legs, is apt to be very thin and wiry. That is the look of now." It is also the look of Naomi Sims, 21, a 5-ft. 10-in. Pittsburgher whose other vital statistics (32-23-34) will never qualify her for a *Playboy* centerfold, but make her currently one of the most ubiquitous and highest-paid fashion models in the world. Two years ago, Naomi was studying psychology on a scholarship at New York University. Now she is the girl in the A. T. & T. ads ("Fashions by Bill Blass, Telephone by A. T. & T.") and the "Body Magnetic" in *Harper's Bazaar*, clad only in a black body stocking.

Natural Afro. Naomi's model success, if not matched, is at least approximated by half a dozen other Negro mannequins. Charlene Dash, a willowy, 5-ft. 9-in. New Yorker, got her big break with a two-page spread in *Vogue* last January, since then has appeared in *Look* and filmed a Noxzema commercial that alone earns her \$178 a week in resid-



SIMS



BRADSHAW



JONES & DASH



SANGARE



TOMBA

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The New Baldwin

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"I ADORE THIS NEW 'DOLLY'." —Clive Barnes, *N.Y. TIMES*

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uals. Jolie Jones, green-eyed *café au lait* daughter of Jazzman Quincy Jones, this month appeared simultaneously on the covers of *Mademoiselle* and *Coed*. Carmen Bradshaw, who accentuates her dark beauty with even darker makeup, is one of the girls who split in two in the RCA television commercial. Anne Fowler has been modeling for eight months, but already has appeared in *Good Housekeeping*, *McCall's*, *Vogue* and *Redbook*, in a magazine ad for Revlon and two TV commercials.

The "Afro look" is the specialty of Yahne Sangare, who comes by it naturally: she is the daughter of the Liberian ambassador to Paris. By any modeling standards, Haitian-born Jany Tomba was an instant success; she started work only last January, has since posed for *Simplicity* Patterns, the J. C. Penney catalogue and a *Seventeen* ad.

To some extent, fashion publications and advertising agencies are using blacks because of the temper of the times. But photographers have more professional reasons for insisting that black is beautiful. "Negroes photograph better against white," explains Bert Stern—and most pure fashion photography is white-backgrounded to show off the clothes. Milton Greene, famed for his photographs of Marilyn Monroe, adds: "Black models are more willing and able to put out for the camera."

TRANSPORTATION

A Doctored Stanley, We Presume?

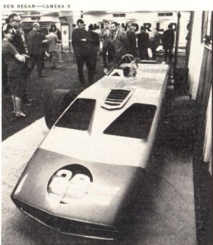
The International Automobile Show, it is called, but it might also be known as the International Smog Machine Show. It is well known, of course, that the gasoline-powered car is the major polluter of U.S. air—a problem for which neither Washington nor Detroit has yet managed to find a solid solution. Short of reverting to the horse and buggy, the obvious answer is to develop a new propulsion system for automobiles that is as efficient as but less noxious than the internal-combustion engine. When the annual auto show opened in Manhattan last week, the Petersen Publishing Co. (*Motor Trend*, *Hot Rod*) gave visitors a look at a racy, wedge-shaped car that may signal just such a breakthrough in automotive design. Its source of power: steam.

Steam? Shades of yesteryear! Gliding silently down the streets of early 20th century America, the Stanley Steamer left a wake of admiring glances and a slight whiff of kerosene. Buffs still speak with awe of the day in 1907 when a streamlined Steamer literally left the ground during a Florida test, hitting a speed of nearly 200 m.p.h. Trouble was, the old steamers took half an hour to get the pressure up and used water to stop for refills every few miles. They also had bulky boilers that blew up from time to time. Those drawbacks, along with price (a Stanley Steamer cost \$2,200 v. \$360 for a gas-powered

Ford Model T), were enough to drive them off the nation's highways.

Coiled Tubing. The new steamer, a brainchild of William Lear, developer of the Lear Jet, supposedly has none of the liabilities of the old. It is powered by an external-combustion motor (which burns fuel outside the cylinders), uses yards of coiled tubing instead of an old-fashioned steam boiler and a special chemical preparation (to prevent freezing) instead of water. The fluid is sealed in, so it can't boil away. It is superheated to vapor by a burner that, according to Lear, "can burn anything from ground camel dung to high-grade gasoline"—although he recommends kerosene.

A smaller second motor—a plain steam turbine—will power the car's aux-



LEAR'S STEAM CAR
Detroit already has the message.

iliary systems and cut the time required to fire the boiler to 15 seconds or so. Although Lear's car has not been road tested (the auxiliary motor is not completed), the main power plant has been "run in," and Lear claims that it can generate up to 500 h.p. More important, since the fuel used to fire the boiler is burned rather than exploded (as it is in a gas engine) the car will leave practically no products of incomplete combustion behind to pollute the air. Lear claims that the pollution produced by his engine will be "less than 1%" of that caused by an internal-combustion engine.

Governmental agencies have expressed interest in Lear's project; California wants to try out a steam-powered bus and police car. Lear also plans to enter a steamer in the Indianapolis 500, perhaps next year, to help get his message across to Detroit. In fact, there are signs that Detroit has got the message already. Ford has signed an agreement with Massachusetts' Thermo Electron Corp. for joint development of a small steam engine, and General Motors has contracted with Oakland's Bessler Developments, Inc. to install a steam motor in a Chevrolet for testing.

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MIAMI BEACH: AMERICANA OF BAL HARBOUR, ATLANTIC CITY: THE TRAYMORE, PUERTO RICO: AMERICANA OF SAN JUAN,
NASSAU, THE BAHAMAS: PARADISE ISLAND HOTEL & VILLAS. PRESTON ROBERT TISCH, PRESIDENT.



ART

SCULPTURE

Totems of a Titan

"My effort is to drive to the fullest extent those few talents that were given to me," the late David Smith once said. The brawny, Indiana-born metalworker was perhaps the most restless as well as the most gifted sculptor of an impatient nation and century. For 25 years, he labored to populate the fields of his "sculpture farm" near Bolton Landing in upper New York State with a dozen different species of welded totems, signposts, sentinels and titans. He was still pursuing at least five different styles when the pickup truck he was driving veered off the road and he died, at the age of 59, in May 1965.

Given such a massive body of work, a major problem in staging a retrospective was to find a museum that could adequately display it. Manhattan's Guggenheim Museum turns out to be just the place, with its soaring inner space and gigantic spiral ramp designed by Frank Lloyd Wright. A few large, most strongly vertical works look slightly lopsided because of the ramp's slope. But by and large the Guggenheim's arbitrary architecture admirably enhances the drama of Smith's career.

Poetry and Vision. Just inside the door is *Cubi XXVII*, Smith's last work. A commanding construction of stainless steel, its open central square draws the visitor toward it, then past it up the ramp. Thus, instead of going up by elevator and sauntering downward—as he does with most Guggenheim exhibitions—he finds himself climbing upward, approximating the demanding path that the sculptor pursued.

The upward pilgrimage begins with Smith's earliest wood and wire constructions. Already evident is the haunting and haunted poetic imagery that informs even the starkest of his mature

works. It was while he was studying painting at New York's Art Students League that Smith discovered the first installments of *Finnegans Wake* in transition and became fascinated with the parallels between poetry and the visual arts. A crudely constructed, painted *Head* of 1932 translates into visual terms the kind of controlled ambiguity that Joyce used: its profile simultaneously suggests a dancing woman.

But it was in metal that Smith was to find his calling and his towering achievement. He was a born craftsman. As a boy growing up in Decatur, Ill., he remembered, "I played on trains and around factories just like I played in hills and creeks. Machinery has never been an alien element; it's been in my nature." During his college years, he worked for a summer as a riveter and spot welder at Studebaker's South Bend plant. Looking through French art periodicals in his art-student days, he saw how Pablo Picasso, working with the Spanish metalworker Julio

González, had built small sculptures of welded steel. In the fall of 1933, he abandoned painting, rented space in a machine shop called the Terminal Iron Works in Brooklyn, bought a welder's torch and outfit, and began to weld.

Form Giver. More than any man, Smith gave the obdurate metal of the Industrial Revolution its own sculptural form. He liked the fact that steel had little real history in art. What associations the metal possesses, he argued, "are primarily of this century: structure, movement, progress, suspension, destruction and brutality."

His first efforts looked like so many small Picassos. Later, they also began to resemble the small, stage-like Surrealist compositions of Alberto Giacometti, whose work Smith admired because it also incorporated the Freudian dream imagery so dear to Joyce. In 1940 Smith moved to Bolton Landing, and during the war years, he spent most of his time at his welder's trade, working on locomotives and tanks at a nearby plant. But by 1945, he had accumulated an exquisite series of small, neo-Surrealistic bronze-and-steel tabletop tableaux. Both *Home of the Welder* and *Reliquary House* are rich with Smith's private sexual imagery.

Seeking to translate this symbolic imagery into clearer, simpler compositions, Smith developed his "line drawing" sculptures, made from strips of steel welded together into flat, picture-like compositions. His masterpiece in this genre is *Australia* (1951), a 9-ft.-wide, predatory sort of flying queen ant that stands on a pedestal, as much signpost as symbol. *Australia* occupies a niche of its own at the Guggenheim, for it marks the end of Smith's apprenticeship to foreign styles and his emergence as an innovator with followers of his own. Thereafter, his works became increasingly abstract, although to the last their profiles also ambiguously suggest the stature and presence of a human being.

He began to work in series, the first of which was "Agricola": graceful to-



VISITORS AT SMITH EXHIBITION AT THE GUGGENHEIM
Appropriate ambience to enhance the drama.



SMITH WITH WORK AT SPOLETO FESTIVAL
Balance wheel in lieu of commoner satisfactions.

tems made from bits of old agricultural implements salvaged from barnyards. He was immensely proud of the fact that his grandparents had been pioneers and thought of these shards of pioneers' tools as belonging "to my grandfather and thus to me."

Beginning in 1957, larger, heavier and subtly more ominous forms intrude. The 7-ft.-high "Sentinels" are towers of chunky I-beams or weather-vane slabs. Smith set some on little wheels, explaining that he had gotten the idea from Hindu temple chariots. He always prided himself on his sheer physical energy, as if he were clinging to his image of himself as some machine-age peasant with industrial muscles. Invited to contribute to Italy's Spoleto festival in 1962, Smith stunned nearly everyone by producing 26 works in less than a month and studied the Spoleto amphitheater with them.

Proud Zigs. As the works grew more monumental, Smith experimented with bright enamels to keep his monuments joyful. Color endows three flat, empty-centered "Circles" with dashing zest. Enamels brighten the statuesque "Zig" (for Ziggurat) series of tilting or semi-circular sheets of steel. Nature itself is meant to tint the burnished-steel "Cubi" series. "I polish them," Smith explained, "so that on a dull day they take on a dull blue or the yellow glow of an afternoon sky."

On the last turn on the ramp at the Guggenheim, lined with proud "Zigs" and sprightly "Arcs," Wright's giant skylights loom close above the sculpture, filtering wan daylight through and crushing the mighty works down to an almost puny human scale. But if the ambience seems bleak, it is also strangely appropriate, for Smith's last works were conceived and built in desolation. His second wife had left him in the isolated mountain house, taking with her their two daughters. Visitors, though

they revelled in the gourmet meals that the sculptor cooked and joined in the monumental drinking bouts, could see that he was desperately lonely. "If you ask me why I make sculpture," he once said, "I must answer that it is my way of life, my balance and my justification for being." As a balance wheel that served in lieu of commoner satisfactions, it impelled him to subdue the brutal stuff of the machine age, giving it a style, a presence—and perhaps an esthetic future.

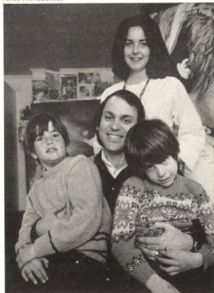
PAINTING

Unphotography

In a season when a number of dealers and publications have been touting "photographic realism" as the latest new trend, at least two of Manhattan's abler painters have proudly displayed what might be called unphotographic realism. Their canvases differ widely, but both Jack Beal, 37, and Joseph Raffael, 36, invest the visible world with invisible qualities of fantasy and imagination.

Large, big-shouldered and calmly slow of speech, Virginia-born Jack Beal does not consider his pensive portrayals of present-day odalisques as outright fantasy. Rather, he says, they are a reaction against the ephemeral daydreams he spun as a child in the orphanages to which he was periodically committed because both his parents (now dead) were Faulknerian alcoholics. "Southerners," says he, "can be terribly hung up on fantasies." Schooled in painting at the Chicago Art Institute, Beal builds his compositions as carefully as any Abstractorist—and the sofa or chair in his pictures is as important as the figures. He lives five months of the year at a farm on Black Lake in the St. Lawrence River valley. He poses his sculptress wife or a model nude on soft, contoured upholstery because they are more comfortable that way, and oc-

PETER POLYMERAKOS



RAFFAEL & FAMILY

Hard to maintain open wounds.

asionally, he incorporates the softly rolling contours of hills seen through a window because "I guess I'm trying to say how much they're all alike, chairs and women and hills." Only the colors that he uses are subtly brighter than those that he sees before him, because "I'm trying to make paintings about the way I'd like the world to be—beautiful, colorful, dangerous, complex."

Brooklyn-born Joseph Raffael on the other hand, has found the world on occasion a little bit too dangerous and complex. He first won renown in 1965 with grotesquely fragmented, pop-oriented paintings of animals such as test monkeys wired into laboratory chairs. Looking back, Raffael says that he thinks that he was trying to "make vulnerable paintings about pain, haltingly, blindly. But it is hard to maintain open wounds. They've got to close or be treated."

Precious Relic. He has treated the wounds with biweekly visits to a mental therapist, having also experimented with marijuana, astrology, numerology and spiritualism. Despite his varied researches, Raffael does not come on, as he says, "like some kind of mystical freak," possibly because he leads a relatively sedate life with his recently acquired wife and her two children by a previous marriage on a farm in Bennington, Vt. His latest oils, shown at Manhattan's Stable Gallery this winter, also show a new, monumental serenity. Raffael now likes stately themes: an Egyptian bust, a gem-encrusted crown, raised to a magical, almost religious level by his extraordinarily vibrant brushwork and imaginative palette. "I'm withdrawing a bit," he says, "searching for what archaeologists call 'a find,' for the jewels we can dig out of us." His *Salmon* is such a precious relic—a dying fish preserved by the artist's reverent brush as a glowing emblem of life.



BEAL & WORK IN MANHATTAN

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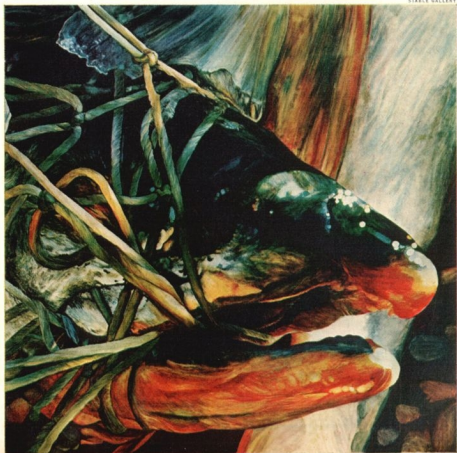
Though nominally a realist, Jack Beal is "more interested in what the world can be than in what it is now." For "Girl in Armchair #3," he depicted a dull brown chair in vibrant orange.

THE FANTASY OF REALITY

By contrast, Joseph Raffael is passionately enmeshed in the here-and-now. His flamboyantly brushed "Salmon," caught in a net, is a symbol of how "life flashes by and then is ended by force."



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MILESTONES

Married. A. B. Guthrie Jr., 68, author of *The Big Sky* and the 1950 Pulitzer prizewinner *The Way West*; and Carol B. Luthin, 38, whom he met in Montana three years ago; both for the second time; in Helena, Mont.

Divorced. By Lana Turner, 48, Hollywood's still nicely knit Sweater Girl of the 1940s, now preparing for her role of a jetsetter on a television series: Robert P. Eaton, 38, her sixth husband; on grounds of mental cruelty; after 3½ years of marriage, no children; in Santa Monica, Calif.

Died. W. Preston Battle, 60, Tennessee criminal-court judge who came to national prominence during the non-trial of James Earl Ray for the murder of Dr. Martin Luther King Jr.; of a heart attack; in Memphis. Battle accepted a deal under which Ray pleaded guilty and was immediately sentenced to 99 years in prison. In response to the outcry that followed, the judge argued that a trial would still have left the issue of conspiracy and other questions up in the air. "My conscience," he said, "told me that it better served the ends of justice to accept the agreement."

Died. Theron Lamar Caudle, 64, ill-famed head of the Justice Department's tax division during the Truman Administration; of a heart attack; in Wadesboro, N.C. In 1956, Caudle was sentenced to two years in prison (he served six months) for accepting an oil royalty in return for attempting to quash prosecution in a tax-evasion case. Congressional hearings also turned up many other instances of influence peddling, and questionable gifts.

Died. Ralph W. Burger, 79, retired president of the vast (\$5.4 billion annual sales) A. & P. food chain founded by the Hartford family; of diabetes and heart disease; in Daytona Beach, Fla. Burger's 52-year career ran from grocery clerk to the top job before he quit in 1963. In 1951 he doubled his duties by becoming head of the John A. Hartford Foundation. As remuneration from the foundation, he stipulated only one red carnation each day.

Died. Maximilian ("Max") Justice Hirsch, 88, famed horse trainer who sent out three Kentucky Derby winners in a career that stretched over 78 years; of a heart attack; in New Hyde Park, N.Y. There was never any other life for the Texan. He was an exercise boy at ten, a full-fledged jockey at 14, a trainer at 20. He handled more than 1,900 winners, among them Derby Champions Bold Venture (1936), Assault (1946), and Middleground (1950), but always refused to take sole credit. "Luck plays the most important role," he once said, "not the trainer."

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NEW ISSUE

April 1, 1969



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SPORT

MARBLES

The Secret of the Terribles

On a merry reach of Sussex green-sward, hard by the Greyhound Inn, the Toucan Terribles set out last week to defend their title of World Marbles Champions. For twelve straight years, the Terribles had won the colors. This year, however, the very honor of England was at stake. Among the 15 challengers scheduled to appear at Tinsley Green, a hamlet (pop. 150) just 28 miles south of London, was a band of upstart colonialists from Chicago.

The Terribles were undaunted; they had a secret weapon that had never failed to take the day—marbles hand-carved from the finest porcelain com-modes. Toucan Captain Len Smith, 50, winner of nine world championships, explained that only porcelain gives the "tolley" (shooter) the proper heft and feel. Every Toucan toley is custom carved to fit the knuckle, but none has a diameter greater than .75 in.—the dimension prescribed by the British Marbles Board of Control.

No Fudging. As legend has it, the British marbling tourney traces its heritage to the days of Elizabethan chivalry. For the hand of a maiden, two 16th century swains clashed in an "all known sports" tournament in which marbles, for reasons now obscure, became the dominant contest. By the 1700s the marble tournament had become an annual Good Friday ritual in Tinsley Green. The tourney began in the morning; at high noon (the hour Sussex taverns open), the referee cried "Smug!" and the tournament ended. The rules are wondrously simple: 49 marbles are placed in the "pitch" (ring) and each member of the competing

teams takes his turn at trying to knock one out. Shooting is a thumbs-only proposition—a flick of the wrist constitutes a "fudge" (foul) and disqualifies the contestant for that round. As in pool, each successful shot merits another, and the team that picks up the most marbles wins.

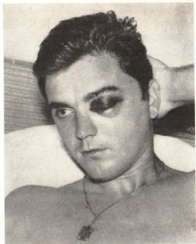
On Good Friday last, a jolly throng turned out to see if American mettle could match Toucan porcelain. But the colonial question had unfortunately been resolved by default: the Americans failed to show. Still, the Toucans were presented an immediate threat by the Johnson Jets of nearby Langley Green, who "killed" Smith in the first round by slamming his toley off the pitch. But Len's son Alan saved Toucan face by knocking ten straight hits to lead the Terribles to a 25-20 victory and their 13th consecutive championship. The battle done, Terribles and challengers alike repaired to the Inn, presumably to quaff nut-brown ale and pinch lusty tavern wenches till the cock did crow.

BASEBALL

Conig's Comeback

His first pitch came in tight. I jumped back and my helmet flew off. There was this tremendous ringing noise. I couldn't stand it. Just a loud shriek all over me. I was trying to find some place in my mouth where I could get air through, but I couldn't breathe. I kept saying to myself, "Oh, God, let me breathe." I didn't think about my future in baseball. I just wanted to stay alive.

Thus did Boston Red Sox Outfielder Tony Conigliaro describe that terrible night of Aug. 18, 1967, when a ball



CONIGLIARO AFTER BEATING

thrown by California Angels Pitcher Jack Hamilton smashed into his left temple. He was injured so severely that doctors predicted he would never play professional baseball again. But Conigliaro fought an extraordinary battle to prove the doctors wrong. Last week, as the Grapefruit Circuit closed, the 24-year-old Conigliaro was not only back in uniform but whacking the ball with the gusto and effectiveness of old.

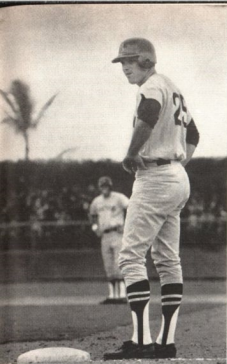
Hopelessly Blurred. The League's pitchers have not forgotten Conigliaro. In 1965, his second season with the Red Sox, the 6-ft. 3-in. slugger from Swampscott, Mass., hit 32 home runs to lead the American League. The following year, he cracked 28 home runs. When he was cut down in Fenway Park, he was batting .287, had belted 20 home runs and had played a major role in the campaign that eventually landed Boston its first pennant in 21 years.

But there was no World Series for Tony that year. The pitched ball had fractured his cheekbone in three places and dislocated his jaw; it also left him completely blind for 48 hours after the accident. When he was released from the hospital eight days later, the imprint of the baseball's stitches was still visible on his brow, and the vision of his left eye was hopelessly blurred.

Neither Tony nor his family would quit. His mother said novenas to St. Jude (patron saint of hopeless cases). His father offered his eyes for transplants. The experts sadly shook their heads. Tony was through, they said. The force of the blow had punched a tiny hole in his retina, thus causing a loss of depth perception, a hitter's most valuable asset. Tony still insisted on going to spring training last year, but his performance only confirmed the medical diagnosis. In batting practice he missed pitches by a full foot. In exhibition games he struck out constantly. Finally, after fanning three times against the Washington Senators, he stormed into the clubhouse and, as one observer recalled, "nearly tore the place apart."



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IN SPRING TRAINING
Mother got her miracle.

Said Red Sox Trainer Buddy LeRoux: "How can you blame a 23-year-old kid who finds out he can't see?"

The handsome slugger then took a halfhearted swing at entertainment. At St. Mary's High School in Lynn, Mass., he had proved as accomplished onstage as on the diamond, so he traded on his name to land bookings on Cape Cod and around Boston. He sang once on the Johnny Carson Show and cut several records, but it was clear that he was not destined to be the next Sinatra. Conigliaro could not have cared less. "I would rather have played baseball for nothing," he recalls.

Swinging Ever Since. Tony made another comeback try in November—this time as a pitcher in the Florida Instructional League. "I got bombed in my second start," he admits. In that same game, however, he lined two clean hits. Inexplicably, Tony's vision had improved from 20/300 to 20/20, and his eyesight was pronounced normal by puzzled doctors at Boston's Retina Foundation. "When I heard the news," he says, "I ordered a supply of bats."

He has been swinging them ever since. After rejoining the Red Sox this spring, Boston Manager Dick Williams says, "Tony regained his touch and started stinging the ball. He's looked like the old Conig." Conigliaro himself says he can now "get his eye on the spin of the ball," recently proved it by whacking a single and a home run to lead the Red Sox to a 4-3 victory over the Cincinnati Reds. "Tony never doubted that he could do it," says Williams, "and he made believers out of all of us." Tony has made such a believer of Williams, in fact, that the Red Sox manager will start him in right field position this week in the season's opener against Baltimore.



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TELEVISION

NEWSCASTING

The Merry Magazines

It is a channel flipper's delight. On CBS, Mike Wallace kicks off *60 Minutes* with a profile of Texas Zillionaire H. L. Hunt. On NBC, Sander Vanocur introduces *First Tuesday's* study of guns and violence in the Philippine Islands. Back to CBS, where Harry Reasoner is watching the New York City police track down dope pushers; then switch to the peacock as Vanocur presents the life of a typical New York City policeman. Now Reasoner is reading humorous letters to the editor; Vanocur

livan Show. Seemingly for lack of imagination, the CBS magazine has built many of its more serious stories around interviewing celebrities. Too often, television inquisitors seem content with the most flutent answers, though in one feisty exchange with Student Leader Daniel Cohn-Bendit, Mike Wallace seemed more intent on discrediting Cohn-Bendit's radical ideas than on hearing out his position.

NBC's *First Tuesday* has problems of a different order. At two hours, it is far too long, no matter how good the stories. Last week a sensitive—and not always flattering—portrait of a New York

tered by one of the show's sophomoric "Digressions," involving inane wisecracks from a pair of silhouettes. Like many TV news shows, the magazines resort to seemingly significant film clips—slum dwellers lounging on doorsteps, bearded students on motorcycles—that are becoming visual clichés.

Still, the TV magazines have brought a welcome sense of whimsy to the unblinking big eye. In a piece on Joe Namath, CBS rang a cash register every time he passed the football. To spice up an interview with Karl Hess, Barry Goldwater's onetime speechwriter, *First Tuesday* flashed on stills of Robert Taft and Henry David Thoreau every time their names were mentioned. The NBC sound men played *Zing! Went the Strings of My Heart* during an interview with Philip Blaiberg and spun off Tchaikovsky's *1812 Overture* while a French count's hunting party slaughtered hundreds of pheasants.

An innovative style, coupled with rising popularity (both shows have in the past topped ABC's *That's Life* in the ratings), promises to make the TV news-magazines network fixtures. If the trend continues, TV news may finally find its place as a marketable commodity, turning out jokes as well as *Laugh-In*, making satiric thrusts as well as *Gomer Pyle*.

ENTERTAINERS

Free Mason

Mason Williams is a successful TV writer. But that is like calling Paul Revere a successful silversmith.

To be sure, Williams was the head writer for the Smothers Brothers show during its most innovative days in 1967 and 1968. He is the script doctor recently called in to help save the *Glenn Campbell Goodtime Hour*. He has written TV specials for Andy Williams and Petula Clark.

But Williams, at 30, is also a composer: his *Classical Gas* won a Grammy award last month as the outstanding pop tune of 1968, and his *Cinderella-Rockefella* was one of the year's hottest international hits (1,500,000 sales overseas alone). He is an accomplished guitarist and a pop artist whose life-sized photograph of a Greyhound bus is in the collection of Manhattan's Museum of Modern Art. He is, most recently, an author whose new anthology of verse and musings, *The Mason Williams Reading Matter* (Doubleday; \$2.95), has present sales of 49,500.

Mind Doily. The charm of Williams' art is based on artlessness and deliberate anti-pretension. "I would rather move through a lot of small ideas," he says, "than play out one long thing forever. I am not making any huge mark, but I like speed. You do a couple of songs, get them out of the way, and move on to something else. I just don't do anything that isn't easy." So far, he says, "self-indulgence pays." His manager figures that his earnings will amount to about \$500,000 this year.

As a musician, Williams is eclectic,



WALLACE & COHN-BENDIT ON "60 MINUTES"



VANOCUR ON "FIRST TUESDAY"

Plus a welcome sense of whimsy to the unblinking big eye.

is winding up a light look at wigmakers for tots . . .

As the battered 1968-69 season limps toward summer reruns and oblivion, two of the liveliest shows left on the air are the network news magazines. Since they compete head to head, the problem is figuring out a way to watch them both. One solution is to watch *First Tuesday* the first Tuesday of the month and *60 Minutes* the third, when its rival does not appear. However they're watched, the shows prove that network news, thinly sliced, can be as entertaining—and sometimes as superficial—as most variety shows.

Easy Answers. After introducing the TV magazine format last fall, *60 Minutes* found a pleasing combination in its team of Harry Reasoner (wry essays, light sociology, neighborly wit) and Mike Wallace (aggressive interviews, hard-hitting reporting, biting wit). Yet aside from two informative stories on inequities in the U.S. welfare system and homosexuality in a state prison, *60 Minutes* has drawn most of its items from the world of pop sociology. Lighthearted bits have been aired on the ski boom, shoplifting and the esthetics of ugliness. One piece on Rock Singer Janis Joplin might better have been on the *Ed Sul-*

City policeman was buried deep in the program. Sander Vanocur's evocative interview with Clay Shaw, portraying Shaw as Kafka's Joseph K. in the Mardi Gras world of New Orleans, was the night's ninth story. *First Tuesday's* 50-minute investigation of the Army's chemical-biological warfare program, by far the best single story produced by either video magazine, came on after some overlong exotica on Turkey's whirling dervishes. The show's sluggish pace is not always quickened by Vanocur, who seems faintly uncomfortable in the studio's surrealistic, futuristic setting.

In strained efforts at sophistication, both *60 Minutes* and *First Tuesday* often take what one producer calls "lightly satirical" potshots at easy targets. Though irony sometimes amplifies a story—as in the case of NBC's report on religious bigotry in Northern Ireland and CBS's caustic look at Palm Beach millionaires—it can just as easily be gratuitous. Last week the *First Tuesday* segments dealt with a weight-reducing "fat farm" and a Christian anti-Communist crusade. Both fell into the void between irony and farce. Harry Reasoner's *60 Minutes* visit with the Duke and Duchess of Windsor was stretched for 20 minutes—and then its mood was shat-

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a good swig and toasting their good fortune. Things weren't always so cheerful, though. Before Aqua-Chem came, to drink water in Ilo was almost wasteful. Rainfall averages almost zero. So, water was transported 120 miles.

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Wausau Story



spoofing and sponging from every bag. *Classical Gas* is, as he says, "part flamenco, part Flatt & Scruggs, part classical." It is written for six- and twelve-string guitars and a symphony orchestra of 37 pieces, but the result manages to preserve a certain purity. His *Reading Matter* is even plainer. Take, for example, his ode to the network censor, who, Williams writes:

*Snips out
The rough talk
The unpopular opinion
Or anything with teeth
And renders
A pattern of ideas
Full of holes
A doily
For your mind*

If the poetry seems painfully simple, it is explained in part by the fact that Mason taught himself "everything I have ever done. I spent a lot of time alone

BY FRIEDMAN



WILLIAMS WITH LEDGER

Lot of actuary left in the art.

as a kid," he says, "and got to the point where I would try anything by myself. I just never considered that there were any limitations." He suspects that his parents' divorce, five years after he was born in Abilene, Texas, was behind that self-reliance. "My father was a Bible-Beltish tile setter who never drank or swore. My stepfather was a logger who gambled, drank, fought, and did just about everything else. They were total opposites, and I had to find my own way." He found it one night when he heard a fellow boarder at a Los Angeles rooming house playing jazz piano. "He seemed to be having so much fun I just flipped," recalls Mason. Thus ended his ambition to become an insurance actuary; he went to Oklahoma City College as a music major.

Once he had taught himself the guitar, Williams quit school and formed the Wayfarers, a folk group that played the church-social and Holiday Inn circuit in Texas. Along the way, he met another struggling young guitarist named Tommy Smothers. After a tour in the Navy, Mason became a backup man for the brothers' by then successful nightclub act. He was also Tommy's roommate; the two of them used to write down ideas and gags, songs or shows and store them in a stationery box. Williams also began to record random thoughts in 500-page accounting ledgers left over from his pre-actuary days. He has filled up nine so far. Many of the jottings went into seven books he printed for friends at his own expense and into his new Doubleday collection. For example, "There are no empty Tabasco Sauce bottles." Or: "I think it would have been nice to have shared a room with Beethoven and when someone remarked, upon hearing one of his compositions, 'Isn't that great!' I could say, 'Yep, my roommate wrote it.'"

Presidential Prank. Williams wears a beard, buffalo-skin trousers, patched epaulettes, shirt, leather jacket and a neckerchief. But there is a lot of the actuary left in the man. He always carries a briefcase, and his workroom wall is covered with precise flow charts that plot work in progress. There are 23 projects pending. Right now, only one of them involves television. "TV," he says, "is not a medium anyone will let you work in creatively any more. People in the networks are afraid of original ideas." He does not disdain TV, however, to plug his book and a new record album in countless guest spots. Some of his merchandising and stunts are done largely for fun. He was the prankster who masterminded the parody presidential campaign of his Smothers show colleague, Pat Paulsen. He is now redecorating the guest quarters of his Los Angeles home (he is divorced) into a stereotypical motel room—"just so people will feel at home." He has already laid in a selection of travel folders, a Gideon Bible and some tackily painted landscapes.

Williams is also a virtuoso of more sublime happenings. There was the time he and a camera crew drove into the Mojave Desert just before dawn. As the sun rose over the horizon, a skywriting pilot named V. E. Noble received a radio signal and began tracing a stem, leaves and petals to form history's largest "sunflower." But the fierce glare frustrated attempts to record the \$5,000 gambol on film. Explains Williams, eyes aglow: "The idea wasn't to see it, really. The idea was for people to hear about it and say, 'Yes.'" It is all a part of the philosophy of joy, hymned in his *Life Song*:

*Isn't life beautiful
Isn't life gay
Isn't life the perfect thing
To pass the time away.*

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BUSINESS

LABOR

Black Rage on the Auto Lines

The nation's most urgent domestic priorities are to bring the races together and to retard inflation, which exacerbates social problems. Last week management and unions were deeply involved in struggles over those issues in two primary industries. One conflict affects auto production. Another threatens the airlines (see following story).

Until recently, racial turmoil has generally been confined to the streets and campuses. However, it takes only a handful of impassioned workers to disrupt an industrial plant. On Detroit's auto production lines, where violence and walkouts were everyday occurrences in the old days of union organization, a determined band of black radicals has posed a new threat. They have overturned production schedules with picket lines and some assaults on foremen. Victims include more moderate Negroes, who nevertheless do not openly condemn the militants. Both union and management leaders are concerned that the black protest movement will grow and cause more widespread damage.

Paradoxically, the agitators have concentrated their ire on Chrysler, partly because it has so many black workers, including a considerable number of recent recruits from the hard-core unemployed. Nearly 35% of the company's 153,000 U.S. employees and 10% of its foremen and higher-ranking workers are members of minority groups. The troublemakers have also begun organizing at Ford's Rouge complex, and are threatening to move into General Motors' gear-and-axle plant in Detroit.

Strikes and Sabotage. Operating through an organization known as DRUM, for "Dodge Revolutionary Union Movement," the angries began last July by shutting down the old Dodge Main Plant in Hamtramck with a day and a half of wildcat picketing. They demanded, among other things, more black foremen, a Negro plant manager, abolition of union dues for Negroes and, for good measure, replacement of Chrysler Chairman Lynn Townsend with a Negro. On Jan. 27 another wildcat picket line closed Chrysler's Eldon Avenue axle plant for half a day. On one occasion, report United Auto Workers officials, a Chrysler foreman was doused with gasoline. Eight weeks ago, a company labor representative, a Negro, was stabbed in the back when he told a DRUM member that he was being suspended for repeatedly jostling a foreman.

Union officers insist that the fear spread by such incidents has damaged plant discipline because foremen shut their eyes to infractions rather than risk personal attack. The U.A.W. reports that troublemakers have set fires in some plants and damaged new cars

by scratching the fresh paint with screwdrivers. Chrysler officials say that some machinery has been deliberately disabled. Douglas A. Fraser, head of the U.A.W.'s Chrysler department, warns: "Sabotage can be deadly, and some of that is going on."

Tomism and Treason. Though DRUM's hard-line membership is only about 100, the organization has many sympathizers. One rally was attended by 300 men and women. Most of the leaders are zealous under 30, and if they follow the exhortation of DRUM's constitution, they are "prepared to be ruthless and vicious." They are closely associated with—and apparently receive direction from—the extremist group that captured control of Wayne State University's student newspaper last year and turned it into a black separatist organ. DRUM's official paper, a curious combination of fancy phrases, foul language and threats, refers to whites as "pigs," and customarily calls any auto plant "the plantation" or "the slave palace." The paper is equally harsh toward Negro supervisors. Recently, on vague grounds, it condemned one Hamtramck labor-representative aide for "Tomism and treason to his black brothers."

There is some reason for the blacks' rage. Though more and better jobs are opening for Negroes in the auto industry, educational handicaps block advancement. Few Negroes pass apprenticeship tests in such overwhelmingly white skilled trades as pattern making, and there remains an undercurrent of dislike among some white foremen. Many Negroes feel trapped on the production line. When U.A.W. leaders pointed out that they had marched at Selma, Jackson and Memphis, an angry Drummer roared, "You never marched in Hamtramck."

Automakers and the U.A.W. hope to disarm the movement by acting firmly. Their strategy is to fire workers who violate contract terms. Last month, in a strong letter denouncing DRUM as a "group of extremists," the U.A.W. warned that it "will not protect workers who resort to violence and intimidation with the conscious purpose of dividing our union along racial lines." The union did not object when Chrysler dismissed 22 Negro militants after January's wildcat walkout.

For its part, DRUM insists with Marxist-style dialectic that it seeks to free Negro workers from "the racist, tyrannical and unrepresentative U.A.W., so we can deal with our main adversary, the white racist owners of the means of production." Beyond that "necessary confrontation," DRUM vows to organize and act "wherever there are black workers—in the White House, the Mississippi Delta, the plains of Wyoming, the mines of Bolivia, the oilfields of Biafra or the Chrysler plant in South Africa."

Up, Up and Away with Wages

The nation's 63,000 airline mechanics are a cantankerous lot, with far greater power over the U.S. economy than their numbers would suggest. Three years ago, they struck five carriers for higher wages, and Lyndon Johnson entered the dispute. The President helped end the six-week-long transport tie-up by telling the nervous airline negotiators that he wanted a settlement regardless of the inflationary effects. The machinists finally agreed to a munificent increase averaging 5.7% a year for three years, thus pulverizing L.B.J.'s cherished 3.2% guideline for wage and price hikes. Afterward, wage boosts of 5% or so became standard throughout U.S. industry in 1966.

Now the airline mechanics, who earn

INTERVIEWING JOB APPLICANTS IN DETROIT





POLICE REMOVING MACHINIST STRIKERS FROM MIAMI GOLF LINKS
How to pulverize the guidelines.

about \$4 an hour, are back with tougher demands. Confronting the airlines one by one, the unions are calling for a 30% raise spread over three years. First they hit American Airlines, one of the industry's strongest moneymakers. After ten months of negotiations and a 21-day strike, American capitulated last month and gave the mechanics a three-year contract with a 25.5% increase, or 8.5% a year. The settlement might not seem excessive when compared with the 7.5% median annual wage increase last year, but it was clearly inflationary.

Competing Unions. For American, the multimillion-dollar package was merely expensive. But for carriers like Eastern Air Lines, which last year lost \$12 million, a similar settlement could be hazardous indeed.

The mechanics employed by American and Pan Am belong to the Transport Workers Union. At the other major carriers, they are members of the International Association of Machinists. Now that the T.W.U. has won the 25.5% package with American, the I.A.M. is unlikely to accept less from the other carriers. Another complicating factor for the airlines is that I.A.M. President Roy Siemiller, who ran the 1966 strike, will retire this June at 68. Siemiller, craggy, bespectacled and steel-hard, doubtless hopes to exit triumphantly with an exceptional agreement for his men.

Negotiations are deadlocked at six of the nation's nine major airlines. Eastern and four other companies have asked the National Mediation Board to move in, but so far it has agreed to do so only at National Airlines, where I.A.M. members have called a wildcat strike. The mechanics gained some attention for their dispute last week by disrupting the National-sponsored invitational golf tournament in Miami. A union-hired plane trailing a banner that pro-

claimed "Don't Fly N.A.L." circled the course. Several strikers invaded the 17th green, traded blows with police and had to be bodily removed before play could continue.

Such antics may seem childish, but they are also serious. On a national level, the mechanics are out to get all they can—and that is bad news for the inflation fighters.

ADVERTISING

Marketing Madison Avenue

Dan Seymour outlined two primary goals when he became president of J. Walter Thompson Co. five years ago. A onetime radio announcer, Seymour emphasized that he intended to safeguard those factors—particularly talent—that have helped 105-year-old J.W.T. become the world's biggest advertising agency. He would also strive, he said, to acquire new "tools" and people to enable it to grow still further.

To do that, the firm that competitors call "the General Motors of the agency business" last week announced plans to invite the public along for the ride. J.W.T. filed with the Securities and Exchange Commission to make a public stock offering. This would enable the agency to reward its people more handsomely and give it cash to expand beyond last year's record billings of \$638 million.

Gift for Creativity. J.W.T. aims to market 750,000 of its 2,700,000 shares, which are now all held by the agency's executives and its retirement fund. The sale will begin about June, at a price still to be determined. Of these shares, 350,000 will come from the company itself, and 109,709 from the retirement fund, which will still retain the largest block of stock. The rest will come from the firm's officers, who are being asked

to sell up to 20% of their holdings for the issue.

With the new funds and its own stock, J.W.T. will be able to make additional acquisitions. It already owns a Puerto Rican insurance company and controls a New Jersey electronics firm. By establishing a market for the stock, the offering will fix its value and make it unnecessary for the company to buy back shares held by retiring executives. The offering will also help solve Seymour's problem of "how to give 7,500 employees in 55 offices around the world the idea of a real stake" in the firm's annual gross. J.W.T. will be able to issue more generous stock options, which U.S. firms find are increasingly necessary to attract and keep creative people.

Ten other advertising agencies, including five of the largest,* have gone public since 1962. Their stocks have turned in mixed performances, and few have kept pace with agency growth. Some analysts sense a general waning of public interest in stocks of service companies, particularly those of ad agencies. Investors tend to regard the business as unstable and its major asset—talent—as difficult to evaluate.

Because it is so big and steady, J.W.T. may change all this. It has 800 clients around the world, including Ford, Unilever, Pan Am, Eastman Kodak and RCA. In the past month, it has picked up the accounts of two big-billing brewers, Hamm's of St. Paul and Guinness of England. A majority of clients have been with the agency for 20 years or more, and its employees have an average tenure of seven years, which is a long time by Madison Avenue standards. Thompson has increased its billings by 36% in the past five years. In 1968, they went up a record \$47.6 million—more than the total billings of all but the top 30 of the nation's ad agencies.

* Foote, Cone and Belding; Doyle Dane Bernbach; Grey; Ogilvy and Mather International; and Papert, Koenig, Lois.

DAVID SAUER



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TIME, APRIL 11, 1969

TRADE

Should an Israeli

Buy a Volkswagen?

Two numbers tell much about the life and times of Chaim Serna, 43, a power-company foreman in Jerusalem. One of them, 108342, is tattooed on his left forearm, a souvenir of Auschwitz. The other is 612214 on the license of his blue Volkswagen. "If trading with Germany is good for Israel, and I think it is, then I am for it," he says. His countrymen, despite considerable resentment stemming from Nazi days, seem to agree. Trade between Ger-

KRAUTHORN U. SCHERER



BUYING JAFFA ORANGES IN STUTTGART

Fast growing fruits of fraternization.

many and the new state of Israel is booming.

West Germany is Israel's third best trading partner, after the U.S. and Britain. Imports from West Germany nearly doubled last year, to \$115 million. The bulk consisted of machinery and steel, including supplies for the trans-Negev oil pipeline built to bypass the Suez canal. Consumer goods, notably more than \$10 million worth of autos, took up a good share of the total. Though many Israelis still flatly refuse even to ride in a Volkswagen—and more than just a few North American Jews will not consider buying VWs—German autos outsold those of all other nations in Israel last year. Volkswagen led the list, with sales of more than 1,500, and the VW dealer in Jerusalem, Abraham Tawfiq, expects to triple his sales this year.

The fruits of commercial fraternization are also growing fast on German ground. In 1968, West Germans bought \$56 million worth of Jaffa or-

anges, polished diamonds, flowers, tires and other goods. Their purchases amounted to 10% of Israel's total exports. Last month thousands of Stuttgart residents strolled the city's main streets, peering into shop windows that displayed jewelry, clothes and other products during an "Israeli Week." Trade between the two nations is certain to go up much farther, according to officials of both. Partly because of a 40% tariff cut on citrus, just granted by the Common Market, Germany could possibly overtake Britain as Israel's second best customer in a few years.

Ironically, the trade links between the two countries were created by what the Israelis call "blood money." Their industry was set up largely with the help of \$900 million in reparations, which Bonn paid from 1953 to 1965, stipu-

DAVID ROBINER



SELLING GERMAN VWs IN JERUSALEM*

lating that most of the funds had to be spent in West Germany. Once the payments ended, trade replaced aid. Much of the German machinery acquired in the 1950s now needs replacement, and orders are flowing into Germany. Bonn has also buttressed the buy-German trend by providing \$115 million in development loans since 1966.

New Vacationland. Bonn's staunch support of Israel in the Six-Day War of 1967 helped transform public attitudes and stimulate the sale of German consumer goods. "We are a pragmatic people," explains a senior Israeli trade official. "We cannot spit in their faces forever." The breakthrough can be traced to several years before the Middle East war, when it was revealed that Germany had been secretly supplying Israel with millions of dollars worth of arms. With much embarrassment, Bonn stopped these shipments rather than face political reprisals by Arab nations, par-

ticularly their implied threats to recognize East Germany. But evidence of West German willingness to help Israel paid off.*

Now, West German tourists are welcome in Israel, and many—especially the young—are eager to visit the people of whom they have heard so much but seen so little. Last year more than 13,000 West Germans traveled to Israel and accounted for 3% of the tourist trade. Late this month, Lufthansa will add two more flights a week to Tel Aviv, doubling its total, as the German flag continues to follow trade.

REAL ESTATE

Old Formula, New Field

The first Marshall Field, who made much of his \$100 million fortune in land speculation during the late 19th century, once remarked: "Buying real estate is not only the best way, the quickest way and the safest way but the only way to become wealthy." For decades, major U.S. industrial and financial corporations ignored the Field formula, leaving the business of real estate largely to its own local operatives. Now the trend is running the other way. So many huge companies have been expanding into real estate and building that the nation's largest industry, construction, is undergoing a remarkable change.

Last week, in the biggest venture of its kind for many years, three giants hammered together a joint enterprise. Hartford's Aetna Life & Casualty (assets: \$8.6 billion) agreed to go into a partnership with California-based Kaiser Industries and Kaiser Aluminum & Chemical Corp. They expect to move into commercial, industrial, residential, recreational and agricultural real estate. The three will pool \$175 million in cash and properties. Among the latter are Aetna's 630-acre Warner Ranch near downtown Burbank, the Kaiser Companies' 6,000-acre Hawaii Kai residential and resort complex in Honolulu and the \$7,500-acre Rancho California project 80 miles southeast of Los Angeles. In a similar venture, American Standard Inc., the plumbing potentate, joined last week with Herbert J. Kendall, a New Jersey builder, to erect a 715-acre community ten miles from Princeton.

Loosening Old Ties. Industrial corporations have increasingly been drawn into building and development deals by the opportunities to use borrowed money and tax advantages for an exceptionally high return on their own investment. Developers commonly borrow 90% of the funds they need to operate—a ratio that would worry executives involved only in manufacturing.

Insurance companies have entered building to loosen their historic ties to

* In sharp contrast, East Germany has sent Israel absolutely nothing in reparations, takes a stern anti-Israeli line, and has little trade or tourist exchange with the Jewish state.

† Worth approximately \$370 million in 1968 dollars.

* With Dealer Tawfiq.

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a fixed return on investment; the old policy has lost appeal because of inflation. Last month, Chicago-based C.N.A. Financial Corp., a major insurance combine, agreed to acquire Los Angeles' Larwin Co., the nation's largest privately owned home-building concern (1968 sales: \$50 million). The price: \$100 million in C.N.A. stock. Prudential Insurance recently bought a half interest in southern California's Westlake Village, a new town being built by Shipping Magnate Daniel Ludwig.

Chrysler Corp. is investing about \$2,000,000 a week to become the landlord of projects ranging from a shopping center in Knoxville to a group of 360 town houses in Ann Arbor, Mich. Olin Mathieson Chemical Corp., the chemical manufacturer, recently bought the Yeonas Organization, a home-building firm in a suburb of Washington, D.C. International Paper picked up American Central Corp., a Lansing, Mich., developer of leisure-time property. The Penn-Central railroad is not only one of the nation's largest real estate owners but also depends on realty income to stay out of the red. Norfolk & Western Railway went into the field last year, and now has three projects under way, including a \$100 million residential and commercial development near Kansas City.

Logical Mergers. Companies that supply goods and services to the construction industry regard real estate as a logical diversification. U.S. Plywood-Champion Papers runs 35 residential developments in eight states. National Gypsum last month agreed to acquire Florida's Behring Properties Inc., which is building thousands of homes near St. Petersburg and Fort Lauderdale. From its original base in timber, Boise Cascade expanded into both land development and construction by picking up five companies in three years. Now the Idaho-based company aims to become a truly nationwide builder of homes, so far an almost unheard of goal in the highly localized housing business.

The entry of big corporations into a field long dominated by small operators should add powerful momentum to the nation's ambitious goal of almost doubling housing production (to an average of 2,600,000 units a year for the next decade). Even if enough mortgage money were available, the old-line construction industry would not possess the entrepreneurial or technical base for so rapid an expansion. In any case, craft labor unions, archaic local building codes and the industry's fragmented organization inhibit mass production and inflate construction costs. Big combines might ultimately even do for housing—the biggest investment most families make—what Henry Ford did for the car. In many sectors of the U.S. economy, today's wave of corporate combines raises legitimate fears that concentration may threaten competition. In real estate, there is still too little of either.



TANNER (REAR) & WHITFIELD
Key to the clubs.

BRITAIN

How to Make Millions

Without Really Working

Like innumerable young men before them, Peter Whitfield and Robert Tanner dreamed of making a pile of money fast without much work or capital investment. Unlike most, these two former Oxford economics students have succeeded. The inspiration that sent them on their way came to Whitfield in bed one night in 1962. He leaped up and began scribbling down his idea; then he called on his friend Tanner. After putting up \$200 each, they established headquarters in one room of a small hotel owned by Tanner's family in Golders Green, a polyglot district of Northwest London. They were in business within two weeks. Today, at 33, they are multimillionaires.

Whitfield's brainchild was The Clubman's Club. It is designed to take advantage of Britain's stiff licensing regulations, which have led to a prolifer-

ation of "private" clubs. Gambling houses have to be licensed as clubs; so do any drinking places that stay open after 11 p.m. Anyone who joins Clubman's is provided with full membership in 400 not-so-choosy gambling, drinking, golf, tennis, striptease and other clubs, most of which charge a nominal yearly fee of \$2.40 or more. Clubman's members, who pay \$15 a year, receive little red booklets that list the clubs and serve as entrance passes. In return, the clubs get the extra business from 50,000 members of Clubman's. Though the exclusive British clubs have kept their distance, Clubman's members still have ample choice. They can pick from Soho discothèques, an Edinburgh roulette parlor and some spots where hostesses double as "dining partners" and occasionally something more.

One key to Clubman's success has been low overhead. There is not much more to do than process memberships as they roll in, and a staff of six handles the work. Whitfield and Tanner spend only five hours a day on the job and devote the rest of the time to their homes, their wives and children. Their spartan personal office contains little more than two desks for the bosses. "It's just a place to sit," says Whitfield. "If we were all cluttered up, we couldn't be making money because we wouldn't have time to think. If we have an idea, we discuss it and come to a conclusion. I haven't written a letter for years."

Knocking on Doors. Since going public in 1967, Clubman's has increased its capitalization to \$50 million. It has acquired an advertising agency, a vending-machine company, and a chain of betting shops that now number more than 100. The company has also spread into liquor sales and auto rentals; three weeks ago, it signed a conditional agreement to acquire Ace Industrial Holdings, an amusement-machine manufacturer that earned \$1,400,000 before taxes in 1968. Last year, spurred by acquisitions, Clubman's revenues leaped from \$1,100,000 to \$37 million, while profits reached \$1,300,000. On the London market, its shares rose by 358% last year, making Clubman's Britain's second fastest growth stock (after Bolton Textile Mill Co., a firm that manufactures paper underpants). The joint holdings of Whitfield and Tanner stand close to \$12 million.

The entrepreneurs first met at Oxford, where both were "slightly below average" students. After graduating in 1957, they took a series of jobs, including selling the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* at U.S. bases in Britain, France and Iceland. Whitfield says that the book-selling stint inspired them to try new ideas. "It taught us about knocking on doors, and that if you keep on going, one is bound to open." Their next ambition is to open some doors in the U.S., where they figure that the leisure business is "100 times bigger" than it is in Britain.



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COOKING THE BOOKS TO FATTEN PROFITS

*Things are seldom what they seem.
Skim milk masquerades as cream;
High lows pass as patent leathers;
Jackdaws strut in peacock feathers.*

LITTLE Buttercup's wry observation in Gilbert and Sullivan's *Pinafore* applies with prophetic accuracy to much of today's corporate enterprise. There are dozens of legal ways in which companies can juggle their books to inflate profits. The most common objectives are to camouflage a poor earnings performance, to help lift the price of common stock, and to promote—or fend off—mergers. Many conglomerate corporations owe their recent ascendancy at least in part to such practices. The trend has spread confusion among security analysts and investors; it has fired acrimonious debate among businessmen and accountants; it has provoked concern among regulatory authorities.

Elastic Rules. In one effort to limit such legerdemain, the Securities and Exchange Commission expects within a week or two to tighten the disclosure rules for companies seeking to float securities. Companies will be required in registration statements to divulge their sales and pretax profits for each line of business that contributes more than 10% to the total. Firms that engage in only one activity will have to abide by the 10% rule in showing sales by product or service. Though the new regulations will not apply directly to annual reports, many companies have already begun revealing operating data once deemed too sensitive to publicize. Borden, Bangor Punta, W.R. Grace and National Distillers & Chemical, for example, all issued reports this year showing sales and profits for every division.

Welcome as such facts will be to investors, the new SEC rule only reaches the foothills of a Himalayan problem. Accounting practices, on which laymen rely as a warrant of truth, have grown increasingly elastic. Tax laws give companies great latitude in deciding how to treat both assets and costs that affect profits. Frequently, companies quite legally report results one way to the public and another to the tax collector. The conglomerates in particular are worried. Says Chairman Laurence Tisch Jr. of Loew's Theaters: "Accounting tricks are taking over. There's no rule on how to keep the books. You can make up your own mind."

Shifting Depreciation. An increasingly popular stratagem is for companies to reduce the rate at which they write off—that is, deduct from their taxable income—the cost of new facilities. The results can be astonishing. U.S. Steel raised last year's reported profits 59% above what they otherwise would have been, from \$159 million to \$253 million, largely by switching from rapid to straight-line depreciation of its huge investment in mills and other properties. The change reduced the amount that

the company set aside on its books to reflect the degree by which its plant and equipment wore out in 1968. Net income increased, just as it would after a reduction in any other expense. Most other steelmakers took similar steps, partly to prevent unwanted takeovers by conglomerates.

For Trans World Airlines, depreciation changes converted what would have been an \$11.5 million loss from airline operations into a \$9.1 million pretax profit. TWA saved \$20.6 million in current "costs" simply by spreading the depreciation of most of its planes over twelve or 14 years, instead of eleven years. Other income and credits, including \$6.2 million from TWA-owned

GULVER PICTURES



LITTLE BUTTERCUP (1879)
Only to the foothills.

Hilton International, raised the line's reported net to \$21.2 million.

B.F. Goodrich Co., fighting a takeover by Northwest Industries, increased its 1968 profit from \$2.76 per share to \$3.25 through two maneuvers. The company shifted to straight-line depreciation and changed its method of tabulating earnings. Higher profits, of course, would tend to lift the price of Goodrich's stock—making it more difficult for Northwest to buy control.

Wrangling with Bankers. Confusion has arisen despite—and partly because of—a seven-year effort by the American Institute of Certified Public Accountants to standardize corporate reporting. The institute prescribes rules through its 18-man Accounting Principles Board, and firms of accountants must follow them or risk being charged with unethical conduct. The SEC, which polices accounting by publicly owned companies, goes along with the board's formal "opinions."

Twice, the accounting board has retreated from attempts to require more conservative bookkeeping treatment of the 7% tax credit to which companies are entitled on purchases of machinery. The board wanted to force businessmen

to spread that credit over the life of the machinery instead of taking it entirely in the year of purchase. About 80% of U.S. companies use the latter method; for some, it provides the difference between profit and loss.

After a protracted wrangle with bankers, the board last month demanded that banks include in their reported profits the losses on collectible loans as well as the gains or losses on securities transactions. Until now, banks have excluded both categories from "net operating earnings." As a consequence, says Leonard M. Savoie, executive vice president of the accountants' institute, "the operating results of an entire industry are overstated. When is a loss not a loss? When it happens to a bank."

Per-Share Perplexity. The board's most complex decision came as it struggled to divulge what Savoie calls "ersatz earnings"—per-share profits derived from fancy financial footwork. This is a sensitive matter because many investors mistakenly believe that they can gauge a stock's merit simply by checking per-share earnings. The board ruled that companies with a complicated mix of securities may no longer merely divide their net profits by the number of shares outstanding to arrive at per-share earnings. Instead, companies must reduce the net to allow for future conversion of all warrants and some (but not all) convertible debentures and convertible preferred shares. Many businessmen and accountants object to the proviso. "The interests of average stockholders aren't served at all by reporting theoretical figures as though they were actual," argues Harry F. Reiss Jr., a partner in the accounting firm of Ernst & Ernst. "The whole theory is misleading."

Following the convoluted rules, Gulf & Western Industries has just announced a 21% increase in per-share profits, to \$1.92, for its latest six months. But in a footnote, G. & W. added that if all its warrants and other debt securities had been converted into common stock, per-share profits would have fallen 26%, to \$1.52. The company said that its total earnings increased 22% to \$42,862,000, but that this figure included a \$16,300,000 profit from stocks that it sold. On the other hand, Litton Industries was forced to show its 1968 net per share as \$1.83, whereas the true figure, without the mandatory computations for possible dilution, was \$2.33.

No wonder ordinary investors are baffled. Even professional security analysts have some trouble figuring out how some companies have really performed. To find out, the average investor can only go to his broker, accountant or some other expert willing and able to decipher the myriad footnotes that clutter so many corporate reports. Obviously, the accountants must produce some tougher yet simpler rules for reporting. Their failure to do so has helped to promote the very thing that they hoped to discourage: a speculative fever, fired up by reports of earnings that look farther than they really are.

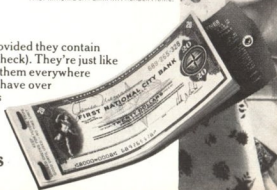


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THE PRESS

MAGAZINES

A Year of New York

Even Jimmy Breslin, an original inventor and contributing editor of *New York* magazine, "woulda bet anything in the world it'd be nothin' but a memory by now." But the breezy weekly surprised the skeptics by celebrating its first birthday last week.

New York's all-star team was on quintessential display in the anniversary issue: Gloria Steinem crusading for women's rights, 'Adam Smith' (actually George J. W. Goodman) contemplating conglomerates, Tom Wolfe on street fight etiquette, and Jimmy Breslin capturing the real Joe Namath. "Namath was shaking his head," wrote Breslin. "Boy, that was a real memory job. You know, I only was with that girl one night? We had a few drinks and we balled and I took her phone number and that's it. Only one night with the girl. And I come up with the right name. A real memory job." Personal reporting is *New York's* forte, but it has other assets as well—a young, eager staff, a fresh appearance, competent critics of the arts, and the high visibility in the nation's writing capital needed to attract both top freelancers and talented newcomers.

New Pressures. After a promising first issue, the new magazine floundered in search of an identity, changing its format, graphics and its conception of itself with each passing week. Advertising shied away for a full six months. "We did our dress rehearsals in public," says Gloria Steinem.

The shakedown period convinced Editor Clay Felker that his best hope for attracting the educated, high-income reader lay in appealing to the city dweller's basic self-interest. The "how to" article became a staple, from "Taking Advantage of Tax Shelters" to "How to Eat Cheaply at High-Priced Restaurants." Says Felker: "We as journalists looked too long and too lovingly at the hippies, yuppies, protesters and rock groups. They are no longer, to use the cliché, relevant. What is relevant is that you can go broke on \$80,000 a year, that you can't get an apartment, that there are new pressures on marriage, and new ways to make money."

New York's New York may not be the city that all of its citizens would recognize (going broke on \$80,000 a year is still a very special disaster). And the magazine's critics still point to its smug, In-crowd perspective. "*New York*," says Freelance Writer Leopold Tyrmand, "is to inflatable plastic furniture what the *New Yorker* is to Chippendale."

Success is hardly assured. Circulation is still only some 145,000, and losses ran to more than the first \$1,000,000 in the first year. But at the first birthday breakfast party in Manhattan last week, the orange juice was spiked as much with enthusiasm as with Dom Pérignon.

CRITICS

Overachiever

The man is a lion of prides. The mane is wayward and unhatred. The massive head and frame are by Hogarth, the voluminous suit by Khrushchev's tailor. An excess of ergs twitches his head and fingers; the English hair and teeth, the cockney-of-the-walk intonations announce his presence in the densest lobby crush. In the past two years, the *New York Times's* Clive Barnes has become a public character, the most theatrical and prolific critic since the days of Alexander Woolcott.

He is not only the *Times* drama crit-

ic Wilde's mirror image. His written work reads as if he had just spoken it. The criticism, the speeches, the conversation tumble out with blithe facility as if on a reel of four-track tape. One wonders whether there will be an end to it: it seems unbelievable that there was a beginning.

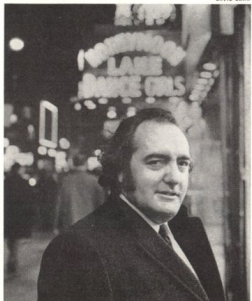
There was. "I was your typical working-class overachiever," says Barnes. Like soot and Dickens, he is a London slum product. His father, an ambulance driver, deserted Mum when Clive was seven. The brilliant, chunky lad played his part well in school; a scholarship helped him into Oxford's postwar meritocracy, along with Director Tony Richardson and *Sunday Times* Arts Columnist Alan Brien. As soon as Brien had a leg up on Fleet Street, he brought

along his protégé. Barnes' reputation for fluency was instantly evidenced in music, drama and dance criticism. "He just liked to turn on a verbal tap," recalls Brien, "bottle the words that come out and then begin filling the next bottle."

London Lisp. The stuff in the bottles sparked. The *New York Times* began to buy small pieces in 1963, in 1965 invited him to be its staff dance critic. For Barnes, the deadlines were lifelines; the city was home. "From childhood," he claims, "I had inhaled imported U.S. culture in films and drama. I was immediately Americanized."

Well, almost. The supporting actor who was playing Clive Barnes in the early *New York* days was considerably different from the star who plays him now. In his first few months on the job, listeners to the *Times* radio station WQXR were astonished to hear a London lisp on the evening news: "Thith ith Cloive Bawneeth, dawneeth critic of the New Yawk *Timeth*." A put-on, many decided. But the speech defect was real. The speaker, moreover, was as straight as a line of type. After shedding his first wife of ten years, Barnes married Patricia Winkley, a lithe balletomane who looked like a swan on leave from St. James's Park. In *New York*, the Barneses and their two children, Christopher, 7, and Maya, 5, settled into a sprawling pad on Riverside Drive. The overachiever brushed up his diction, stiffened his self-assurance and pressed on.

Even before Barnes became drama critic, his appetite for theatrical performances was notorious. "If you dimmed the lights in a car," says a fellow critic, "Clive would have tried to review it." Two years ago, after Howard Taubman succeeded Brooks Atkinson and Stanley Kauffmann succeeded Taubman, the *New York Times* turned to Clive Barnes. His first reviews ran



BARNES ON BROADWAY
Boost in every knock.

ic but its dance critic as well. He revisits hits to make sure audiences are getting their money's worth. He often has simultaneous reviews in the same edition; once he had four, an event that occasioned a different kind of criticism—from management. They conspired to persuade him to relinquish one job, but ended by giving him two offices, one in which to compose ballet reviews, the other for batting out theater pieces—carried throughout the U.S. on the N.Y. *Times* News Service.

Soot and Dickens. In addition to his twin assignments, Barnes teaches a course in critical writing at New York University, writes a monthly column for *Holiday*, flies over 100,000 miles a year on the lecture circuit, appears on educational television, and dictates a monthly contribution to the British periodical *Dance and Dancers*.

After William Butler Yeats met Oscar Wilde, he wrote: "I never before heard a man talking sentences as if he had written them all overnight." Barnes



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on heedlessly, as Barnes reviewed the theater, the audience, the seats. But by the following season he was as relaxed as an actor in the second year of a hit comedy, still babbling, but in the manner of a relaxed and witty raconteur.

Drama Ghetto. The harder he worked, the heavier he grew—and the bigger target he made. "If I decide to stay around Broadway beyond the current season," griped Producer David Merrick, "it will be for the pleasure of throwing his fat lineage posterior out in the street." Fellow Critic John Simon fulminated in *New York Magazine*: "The APA production of *The Misanthrope* is as bad as . . . as . . . it is hard to find an adequately monstrous simile. As bad—let me try—as its review by Clive Barnes." Dance and Music Critic B. H. Haggin briskly summed up Barnes' critical efforts as "uncomprehending nonsense." The critic's critiques have not been entirely unjust. Barnes' manic dance criticism often reads more like promotion than analysis. And frequently a drama review will come down with logorrhea simply because he didn't have time to write a short one.

Now that New York City has but three major newspapers, Barnes has unprecedented authority, even for a *Times* critic. His raves can light up marquees for two years; his pans have flushed million-dollar musicals into the Hudson River. Staking out territory where first-stringers rarely used to tread, he helped revitalize off Broadway, formerly the ghetto of drama. "Today," Barnes believes, off Broadway "is the last place where a writer has the freedom to fail."

Talent of Enthusiasm. If his prose is ephemeral, his insights are eternal, are not. *Rosenkrantz and Guilderstern*, he wrote, "has the dust of thought about it, and the particles glitter excitingly in the theatrical air." In a review of *The Boys in the Band*, he observed, "The New York wit is little more than a mixture of Jewish humor and homosexual humor seen through the bottom of a dry-martini glass." *Krapp's Last Tape*, he said, "is a masterpiece of pauses—Beckett cares so much for silence that he erects his plays around it." His negative comments are in the Benchley tradition. A one-word review of an English play called *The Cupboard*: "Bare." No one enjoys throwing custard pies at his own image more than Barnes himself. He constantly claims that Americans give critics too much power. "A Barbary ape could have this position and awe people," he says. "Barbary apes are not irreplaceable."

Perhaps, but no one has yet been found who could ape Clive Barnes. It would take a team to turn out his week's work, and none of it, it seems, would have his wit or fluency. Most important—to audiences and to the theater itself—none would have his enthusiasm. "My ideal criticism is to write a notice about a play that I didn't like," he says, "and yet send people to the theater to see it."

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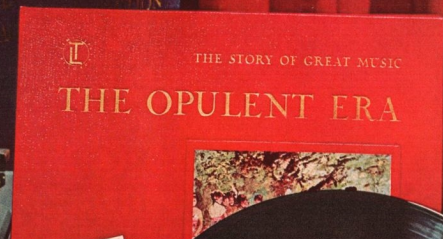
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SIDE 3

OPPENBACH—Overture to "Daphne in the Wilderness"
TCHAIKOVSKY—"Swan Lake" and "Jazzy"

SIDE 4

WAGNER—"Die Walküre," Conclusion

SIDE 5

JOHANN STRAUSS—Overture to "Die Fledermaus"
SAINT-SAËNS—Introduction and Rondo Capriccioso

SIDE 6

MAHLER—"Academic Festival Overture"

SIDE 7

TCHAIKOVSKY—Suite from "Swan Lake"

SIDE 8

BRUCKNER—Symphony No. 4 (beginning)

SIDE 9

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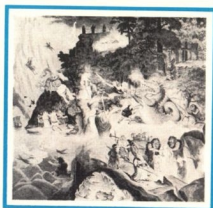
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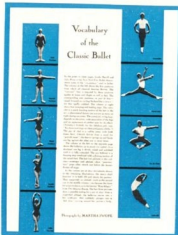
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CINEMA

NEW MOVIES

Klugman's Complaint

A wail begins as a moan. The sensual anguish of Philip Roth's *Portnoy's Complaint* can be traced back to a fictive lament written when he was 26. The film version of *Goodbye, Columbus* is wise enough to preserve his undeniable assets: the sexual candor, the sour salt of Jewish skepticism, the ear that has overheard everything and forgiven nothing. The movie goes astray occasionally, not because it is too faithful to Roth's text, but because it imitates other films, notably *The Graduate*. A pity. *Goodbye, Columbus* is stronger on dialogue and longer on humanity.

On a steamy morning, a young librarian named Neil Klugman (Richard Benjamin) meets vacationing Clifflie Brenda Patimkin (Ali MacGraw). Neil is a wry, unfocused dropout, from both college and society. Sleek and chic, Brenda has had not only her nose fixed but her psyche as well. Her mother (Nan Martin) is a fashionably haggard parvenu who objects to Neil's background, his manners and, most important, his drab occupation. Brenda's father (Jack Klugman) commits a more serious sin—he trusts his daughter and lets her know it.

As Brenda's parents sleep in another part of their lavish Westchester home, the couple gambol in the percales, certain that they are in an endless summer. But a chill of guilt becomes pervasive when she returns to Radcliffe. The parents discover the diaphragm she has "forgotten" to hide, and the assault of letters and threats begins. To Neil, the affair suddenly becomes serious but not desperate; to Brenda, it is desperate but not serious. The lovers collect their severance pay—Brenda the suffocating devotion of her parents, Neil an ineradicable bitterness.

In the genuinely intimate love scenes, in the comic portrait of Brenda's superathletic, subhuman brother (Michael Meyers), in the feline mother-daughter skirmishes, Director Larry Peerce (*One Potato, Two Potatoes*) has produced some rare moments of high social criticism. But he has an uncertain grasp of his vehicle, and periodically it lurches out of control. At times, Benjamin seems to be playing Dustin Hoffman's gawky second cousin rather than the acrimonious Neil of Roth's story. The film's observations of the *nouveau riche* Patimkins are subtle enough—until a par-

ody of a Jewish wedding that looks as if Beelzebub had personally catered the affair. Too many of the camera's juxtapositions are vulgar or obvious or both; the hollow of a navel introduces a swimming pool, an embracing couple becomes a side of roast beef, the jock is shown carefully laundering his athletic supporter.

Like Mike Nichols, Peerce seems to have trouble distinguishing between comedy and caricature. But the two directors also share an asset: the debut of a promising ingénue. Wellesley-educated Ali MacGraw is one of the few models who have successfully managed to switch from magazines to movies

DAVID BARN



ALI MACGRAW
Making up for lost time.

without being a hollow-checked embarrassment—but at a price. At 30, she has made a late start in the business. Her subdued, ivy-league beauty has, however, retained its freshness. And her performance, which swings with intricate calibration from poignance to petulance, happily compensates for a lot of lost time.

Rainy Day Refuge

The setting for a good Saturday matinee must be carefully selected. The theater should be old, cavernous and dirty, with lots of balcony railing to prop sneakers on. The popcorn butter should be on the congealed side, and the popcorn itself sold in hard wax containers, which, when stomped, produce a report like an 18th century cannon. The candy counter should be well stocked with

small, hard sweets that can be hurled at antagonists below.

All confections, in fact, should ideally double as weapons. Sugar Daddy lollipops, made of viscous caramel, will last through any double feature, and their remains can always be left on the seat, where they are guaranteed to adhere tenaciously to the victim's bottom.

Then there's the movie. To be noticed at all, it must be louder than the audience, with generous portions of shooting and slapstick. Love scenes should be short and infrequent.

The Assassination Bureau may not have been designed for Saturday matinees, but it fits. A turn-of-the-century adventure spoof about an organization that kills "only to destroy evil," *Bureau* genially jokes itself along to an absolutely smashing conclusion aboard a giant Zeppelin, where Good Guy Oliver Reed battles Baddies Curt Jurgens and Telly Savalas with swords, fists and some unlikely ingenuity. During the course of the proceedings, there are enough bombings, murders and conflagrations to satisfy the most television-sated kid in the crowd. Even some parents may get a kick out of *Bureau*, especially if they come prepared with fistfuls of Good and Plenty for ammo.

Kinky Kicks

Henri-Georges Clouzot (*The Wages of Fear*, *Diabolique*) is a French film maker whose stock in trade is grafting psychological aberrations onto standard and somewhat sleazy melodrama. In *La Prisonnière*, his first film in eight years, Clouzot once again mixes an ordinary story with kinky characters, a soupçon of violence, and a touch of Kraft-Ebing just to add some spice. The result is pat, predictable and more than a little distasteful.

In fact, the story of *La Prisonnière* is downright repugnant. The mistress (Elisabeth Wiener) of a with-it artist (Bernard Fresson) falls for the owner of her lover's gallery. The owner (Laurent Terzieff) looks like the sort of tubercular pervert who might peddle pornographic pictures to schoolchildren, but he gets his kicks from having fun with adults. He ties his girls in chains, photographs them in submissive attitudes, fondles and then bullies them into abject sexual surrender. The whole thing is pretty disgusting, what with the heroine being degraded, her lover becoming murderously outraged, and the dirty young man sadomasochistically savoring their traumas.

Despite its director's reputation, *La Prisonnière* is the kind of skin-flick that rarely makes it off the grind-house circuit. But this film is being released in the U.S. by Joseph E. Levine, a canny showman with a shrewd instinct for profitable exploitation. Five years ago, the only chained-up people in Levine movies were Mediterranean musclemen and Nubian slaves. From this standpoint at least, *La Prisonnière* marks a certain kind of progress.

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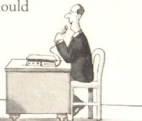
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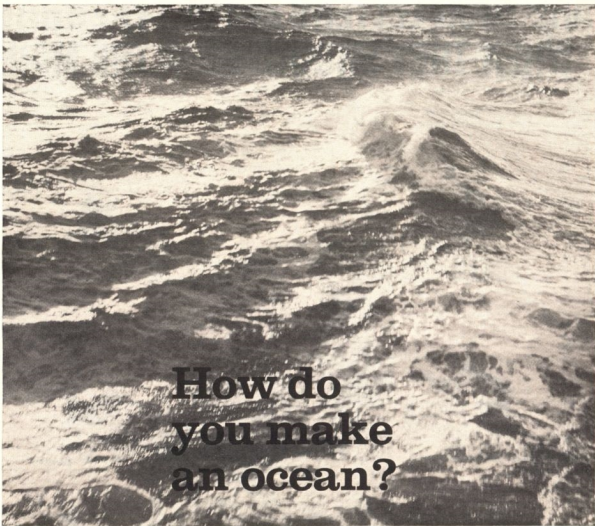
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BOOKS

The Price of Survival

SLAUGHTERHOUSE-FIVE, OR THE CHILDREN'S CRUSADE by Kurt Vonnegut Jr. 186 pages. Delacorte. \$5.95.

Rabbits, we are told, have mercifully been provided with short memories because they are so constantly prey to the threat of being killed. They would go mad with fear and despair if they could remember the past. Men seldom realize it, Kurt Vonnegut suggests in his latest novel, but they have more in common with rabbits than they like to think. Except that men forget on pur-

the listless playthings of enormous forces." But he does very well as something between a consumer-age Candide and a Vonnegut Everyman figure.

Billy lives through the war merely because he happens not to die in it, then becomes a husband and a prosperous optometrist for equally random reasons. He acquires a Reagan-stickered Cadillac and a son named Robert, who graduates from failure as a high school alcoholic to "the famous Green Berets" and becomes a fine young man, fighting in Viet Nam. The only trouble is that Billy sometimes just can't keep from bursting into tears.

Mountain Time. He visits the planet Tralfamadore (which Vonnegut invented several books ago) in a flying saucer, and learns from little green men there that time is not a river, as earthlings think, but an unmovable phenomenon like a mountain range, continually visible to the Tralfamadoreans from one end to the other. Since he has become unstuck in time, like the flying-saucer people, Billy, too, experiences many times over the events of his life, repeatedly returning to recollections of Dresden, and the great fire that followed. No one of these occurrences seems more unusual to Billy than any of the others. As the narrator says resignedly, repeatedly, "So it goes."

Laid out before Billy, the events of his life and the history of the world become morally contemporary. Vonnegut has a forbearing, thoughtful sense of history, and he is working here—as in all his books taken together—on a vast, loosely linked metaphorical mosaic that portrays the condition of man. For him—as the book's subtitle suggests—the horrors of World War II and the Children's Crusade should be seen as perpetually fresh. Yet, Vonnegut suggests, most men are protectively, intentionally, numb to them. If the numbness is necessary to endure life, it also encourages the repetition of atrocities, the decking out of cruelty in self-justifying disguises—the grossest of which is the ennoblement of war.

Backward Film. Vonnegut's view of man is not new. Indeed he sometimes sounds eerily like the 16th century mystic Sebastian Franck. Appalled by the cruelties men worked upon one another in the name of religion during the Reformation, Franck wrote: "Whoever looks at mankind seriously may break his heart with weeping." Then he added: "We are all laughingstocks, fables and carnival farces before God." Formal belief in God seems to have no part in Vonnegut's philosophy, though in *Slaughterhouse-Five* he does suggest that the story of the Crucifixion would be more appealing if Jesus had been not the Son of God but a nobody. Few modern writers have borne witness against inhumanity with more humanity or humor.

Vonnegut's eloquent concern trans-

forms something as pedestrian as a war movie, seen back to front, into a vision, which in its weird way is as effective as any short passage ever written against war: "American planes, full of holes and wounded men and corpses, took off backwards from an airfield in England. Over France, a few German fighter planes flew at them backwards, sucked bullets and shell fragments from some of the planes and crewmen. . . . The bombers opened their bomb-bay doors, exerted a miraculous magnetism which shrunk the fires, gathered them into cylindrical steel containers, and lifted the containers into the bellies of the planes. The Germans below had miraculous devices of their own, which were long steel tubes. They used them to suck more fragments from the crewmen and planes."

"When the bombers got back to their

STEVE HAYDEN



KURT VONNEGUT

... with humanity and humor.

base, the steel cylinders were taken from the racks and shipped back to the United States of America, where factories were operating night and day, dismantling the cylinders, separating the dangerous contents into minerals. Touchingly, it was mainly women who did this work. The minerals were then shipped to specialists in remote areas. It was their business to put them into the ground, to hide them cleverly, so they would never hurt anybody ever again."

Kurt Vonnegut was mourning the follies of the world with laughter long before the term "black humorist" had been coined. In a series of fictional fables he confronted a remarkable range of topics: space, religion, creeping technology, how to love the unlovable, and even doomsday, which, as he gently observes, "could easily be next Wednesday." His first book, *Player Piano* (1952), told how a crew of smoothly pro-



DRESDEN AFTER FIRE BOMBING

Bearing witness against inhumanity . . .

pose, and are a prey to one another. The occasion for these and other reflections is an agonizing, funny, profoundly rueful attempt by Vonnegut to handle in fable form his own memories of the strategically unnecessary Allied air raid on Dresden that killed 135,000 people. The book's narrator, like Vonnegut, lived through the raid as a prisoner of war in an underground slaughterhouse. Like Vonnegut, too, he has spent more than 20 years trying to mark out the limits of its metaphoric meaning in a book.

Everyman Figure. The task is beyond him. Eventually he presents his publisher with the jumbled chronicle of another American prisoner who also survived the raid, as well as some of the horrors of peace and prosperity. Too archly named Billy Pilgrim, the second survivor is hardly a real character—"there are almost no characters in this book," Vonnegut says, "because most of the people in it are so sick and so much

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grammed engineers take over America. Another, *Cat's Cradle*, began with a reporter trying to fix the whereabouts of important Americans at the time the bomb was dropped on Hiroshima and ended with the end of the world. A third, *Mother Night*, explored the guilt of a patriotic spy and propaganda agent, "a man," as Vonnegut summed him up, "who served evil too openly and good too secretly, the crime of his times."

Such themes are now fashionable. Just lately, in fact, Vonnegut has become as "in" as a good writer can decently and quietly be. Yet he has been writing, largely unnoticed, for much of the past 20 years. Some of Vonnegut's early books, today reissued and selling briskly, were first published only in paperback, and often went unreviewed by journals that today are noting Vonnegut's popularity, and have begun to celebrate the success of *Slaughterhouse-Five* (20,000 advance sales, Literary Guild alternate, optioned to the movies).

Another writer might be resentful of the past. But Vonnegut holds no grudges. He is, in general, a man more rueful than wrathful. Black-humorist contemporaries often vibrate with a febrile, apocalyptic rage, seeming to feel that America has the market cornered on greed and hypocrisy. Vonnegut takes a longer view. Though he has an old-fashioned Populist's distrust of the rich and powerful manipulators of society, Vonnegut's is closer kin to Twain than Kafka. Deeply pessimistic about the world, he is rarely depressed by it. Part of him, at least, would contemplate even the story of the apocalypse as some sort of cautionary tale.

In the *Mainstream*, Vonnegut does admit, though, to a slight pique at being pejoratively classified as a science-fiction writer. "I'm in the mainstream," he says flatly, and with justice. "Besides, there's no sense in creating a literary ghetto. The implication is it would be serious to write about Portnoy's complaints but frivolous to write about machinery. I just describe characters in terms of the jobs they do, rather than their sexual hang-ups."

Though he once taught at the Iowa Writers' Workshop, he never studied writing. Instead he specialized mainly in chemistry and anthropology at a congeries of colleges (Cornell, Carnegie Tech, Chicago) during and after World War II. To earn a living in the lean years, Vonnegut, who is the son and grandson of prosperous, German-stock architects in Indianapolis, has worked as a crime reporter, a Saab dealer, and flack for General Electric in Schenectady, N.Y. "I started to write," he recalls, "because I hated that job so much." Schenectady keeps turning up in his books as a grim, upstate New York town called Ilium.

Today writing and lecturing are his only work. *Breakfast of Champions*, his next book, should appear this year. With characteristic irony it deals with the plight of robots who take over the Mid-

dle West (except for one flesh-and-blood Pontiac dealer), but find themselves bugged by problems of free will.

Vonnegut owns a two-story, clapboard-and-shingle house in Barnstable, Mass., shared with his wife Jane (a Swarthmore Phi Beta Kappa), their own three children and three adopted children, plus a mongrel named Sandy, also known as "the Barnstable Dust Mop." Most of his writing is done at home in morning spurts. Afternoons he is free to paint or contemplate a sign he has on the wall which reads "GOD DAMN IT YOU GOT TO BE KIND."

Rudely stated, this message lies at the heart of Vonnegut's work. For all his roundhouse swinging at punch-card culture, his satiric forays are really an appeal for a return to Christlike behavior in a world never conspicuously able to follow Christ's example. For Vonnegut, man's worst folly is a persistent attempt to adjust, smoothly, rationally, to the unthinkable, to the unbearable. Misused, modern science is its prime instrument. "I think a lot of people teach savagery to their children to survive," he observed recently. Then he added, saying it all, from Cain and Abel to the cold war, "They may need the savagery, but it's bad for the neighbors."

The Creative Man's Critic

URGENT COPY by Anthony Burgess.
272 pages. W. W. Norton. \$6.95.

What distinguishes the novels of Anthony Burgess is the Elizabethan prodigality of creation. Plots, passions and persons hatch in his brooding skull, and it is a matter of wonder only that he has brought so many gaudy fictional chickens home to roost. It seems almost too much that Burgess should also be so good a critic, because the cliché

of legend demands that a critic, however good, is by nature a failed creator.

The collection of quickie critical pieces done for British and U.S. periodicals shows how robustly a generously endowed intelligence like Burgess's can flourish within the limits of deadline and an even deadlier limitation of space.

Love of Gob. Anthony Burgess is not merely a specialist with some painfully acquired, crotchety expertise in, say, lesser metaphysical lyrical poets. His intelligence functions at all levels on a list of subjects that includes Dickens, Kipling, Sartre, Greene, Waugh, Koestler, Milton, "The Writer As Drunk" (Dylan Thomas and Brendan Behan), Shaw, Joyce, pornography and Anthropologist Claude Lévi-Strauss.

Novelist Burgess's principal credential as critic is one that should be essential. He loves the language. Many critics profess to do so as a man will say he "loves children," but the truth of such claims can be tested by the question: how often is he seen playing with children? Like Joyce, Burgess loves to play with words, the greatest of toys allowed to grown men. English is not enough; he can play in Russian, German, Spanish and Malay, and this gives him the insight of a craft-brother to a hundred writers who have little in common but the gift and the love of gab.

Bloody Arrangage. Burgess is opposed to the kind of critic who "mistakes the parade of prejudice for objective appraisal." The latter type has three awful exemplars in Brigid Brophy, Michael Levey and Charles Osborne, who recently collaborated on a book called *Fifty Works of English Literature We Could Do Without*. As the selections begin with *Beowulf*, and include such dispensable works as *Hamlet*, *Pilgrim's Progress*, the poetry of Hopkins and Eliot, it is clear that the three iconoclasts are prepared to do without a great deal that Burgess is not. The essay in which Burgess puts a few of the 50 treasures back in their places, and the three "naughty, smokable" cut-ups back in *theirs*, is a masterpiece of robust derision and scholarly scorn. This over, he bursts out against the show-offs: "I've never in all my reading encountered such bloody arrangage."

The spine of Burgess's criticism is philosophical, and he has found his archetypal literary enemy in a most unusual source. In Burgess's view the worst modern vices (materialism, pragmatism, relativism) may be traced to the works and influence of the heretical English monk Pelagius, who denied original sin and, 1,500 years before Marx—or Harold Wilson—taught that human perfection was obtainable by civic means. There is an opposite, more severe, tragic tradition that he identifies with the moral absolutism of Saint Augustine. One or other of these disparate attitudes may be detected by Burgess in almost any important English literary works. Such rigorous philosophical dogma, inherited from a Catholic education,



ANTHONY BURGESS
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is unexpected in English criticism, which is not normally ideological although the Burgess polarities have been roughly characterized as Cavalier and Roundhead. Yet Burgess's prose never seems plodding despite his spiritual preoccupations. In any case, he is the kind of man who could write a light review of a heavy British Treasury tax form. Should he do so in the future, it will have to be written from Valetta. Anthony Burgess has transplanted himself from tax-heavy Britain to Malta. This move is part of what the British deplore as the Brain Drain. Where Burgess is concerned, both the brain and the drain are considerable.

Write for Your Life

WHEN THE ENEMY IS TIRED by Russell Braddon. 251 pages. Viking. \$5.95.

"This is a touching little tale."

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A creative-writing teacher and a smart-alecky student? No. A Chinese major and a captive Australian colonel. The time is 1975, and the colonel is a victim of the old Chinese ball-point torture. He has been given three pens and ordered to write the story of his life up to the age of 20, starting with the first things he remembers. Object of the exercise: not make-do Adlerian therapy but a complete brainwash. "What I must do in the weeks that follow," warns his interrogator before applying the autobiographical wringer, "is find your moment of worst pain. . . during your childhood. . . and make you relive it. Then when you absolve yourself of all adult responsibilities, I shall pick you up."

The matter of this small, strangely schizophrenic novel literally becomes the colonel's own sentences, his semfictional forays into his own Aussie boyhood during the '20s and '30s. Gingerly he launches into an account of life with his upper-class Sydney family: a barrister father, a tennis-playing mother, "unforgettable-character" grandparents, a funny, Christian Science-spouting sister. The result is a tender exercise in memory quite touching in its own right. Even the Chinese interrogator soaks it all up with pleasure. Then he uses it in a hyperbolic scene that involves hypnotizing the colonel and forcing him to watch what he believes are the executions of fellow prisoners by grisly means suggested from episodes in his own past.

Brainwashing, especially in the wake of the *Pueblo* experience, remains a timely subject. And Braddon's theme—that the personality with the surest sense of itself is most likely to survive—is persuasive enough. But in much the same way, the novel that best succeeds is the novel that best knows itself. Unfortunately, the author has tried to set what is essentially a muted memoir in a superstructure of futuristic wartime drama. Braddon's you-are-what-you-remember message would have had more power if presented with less literary artifice.

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